The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* July *will be noticed in the* August *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th August *in the* September *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We hear that an enterprising company promoter has conceived the idea of amalgamating two, if not three, of our largest public businesses—businesses which include the most widely circulating periodicals of the day. There are difficulties, however, in the way which may prove insuperable.

Mr. Eric Mackay has died of heart failure following pneumonia, at a comparatively early age. He is best known through his "Love Letters of a Violinist," which was first published by Messrs. Field and Tuer by arrangement with Miss Marie Corelli. Miss Corelli undertook to cover all expenses, provided the name of the author was concealed in the meantime. After the Love Letters made their success and the authorship was declared, Miss Corelli arranged for their publication in the Canterbury Poets.

Between Mr. Mackay and his step-sister, Miss Corelli, there was the closest friendship and literary sympathy. Every morning he came into her study to hear of the work she had done, and in this way every line of all her books was read to him before the manuscript was passed for press. In the same way he used to read her every line he himself wrote, and never hesitated to accept her criticisms. So entirely were the two at one that it is impossible for the survivor to believe he is dead. His presence lives about her and with her at every moment and hour, in spite of the overwhelming loneliness of her life. Miss Corelli intends to do what she can to carry out his wishes with respect to the small volume of poems which he promised to Mr. Fisher Unwin for this autumn. All were not finished, and he lost a manuscript book full of poems which could not be remembered or replaced down at Brighton. But what is left Miss Corelli will arrange to the best of her ability as he would have liked them done.

It seems that Mr. Mackay suffered a good deal of agitation and nervous worry during the few days preceding his illness about a false statement concerning the title of Miss Corelli's next book. He was taken ill on Saturday afternoon, May 28th. Dr. Scharlieb was sent for at once, and attended him on Saturday night. He was going on well, and not until the Tuesday was there any alarm, and then Sir Douglas Powell was called into consultation. Everything was done that could be done, but it was heart failure the physicians dreaded, and that proved to be the end. Up to the last, however, he was cheery, and said he felt much better. Happily he did not suffer at the last.

We understand that Mr. Oswald Crawfurd is associated with the purchase of the *Idler* from Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. It is not known as yet upon what lines the new proprietors will carry on the periodical, but if it had remained in Mr. Dent's hands it was his intention to give it a decided literary flavour, and to include articles by such writers as Mr. Austin Dobson. It is possible that Mr. Dent may start a periodical of his own, and the taste and originality so conspicuously displayed in his books would undoubtedly add something notable and valuable to the magazine literature of the time, abundant and superabundant as that already is.

The New Vagabond Club dinner to Mr. H. D. Traill, editor of *Literature*, passed off successfully. Mr. Anthony Hope was among those who congratulated Mr. Traill on his establishment of the periodical. Mr. Traill modestly attributed more than a little of the merit to Mr. Moberley Bell, the energetic manager of the *Times*. Among those present from the provinces was Ian Maclaren, who was the guest of Mr. Coulson Kernahan.

It seems more than likely that Colonel Wingate's duties as the Head of the Intelligence Department of the Egyptian Army on the way to Khartoum will absorb so much of his time as to make it impossible for him to undertake, at any rate for some considerable time to come, the proposed revision of his "Mahdiism and the Sudan."

Mr. Robert Barr has just returned from New York, where, our readers will remember, he went some little time ago in connection with the suit which he had brought against one of the New York papers for libel. There was no question about the libel, and Mr. Barr, of course, got a verdict. In addition, however, to a verdict, the jury gave him some £200 of damages.

In the course of a conversation with a friend, he remarked that he thought he was lucky in getting so much, as the opposing counsel had called his American publishers, with a view to proving that he had not suffered any damage on account of the libel; and the publishers, being called as witnesses, had no option but to say that the sales of his books were now very much larger than they had been when the libel of which he complained was first published and that they were increasing all the time.

We hear that as the American book-selling trade is at present so much depressed owing to the war, Messrs. Doubleday and McClure have decided in the meantime to postpone the publication of the American edition of Dr. Doyle's "Songs of Action," which has just been issued in this country by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

Dr. George MacDonald is at present making his annual visit to this country, and is now staying at Haslemere. We regret to hear that he is not in very good health.

The six-shilling novel seems to hold its own against the lower-priced volume. A very up-to-date house which recently took up book publishing, under the conviction that the public was panting for 3s. 6d. novels, persuaded most of its authors to adopt their view. After a short experience, however, they have abandoned their hobby, and the bulk of their books will for the future be issued at six shillings. Publishing seems to have a strange fascination for the faddist and amateur, and if one judged by the conversation of any assembly of bookish people, one would come to the conclusion that the only persons who did not know how to publish books were the persons who make it their business.

Madame Sarah Grand has finished, in collaboration with her son, Mr. Haldane McFall, a short dramatic sketch dealing with Clive's career in India.

Mr. George Moore has already mapped out the sequel to "Evelyn Innes." It will deal with the heroine's convent life, and Mr. Moore has collected the material with the scrupulous industry that he brings to bear on all his fiction. It is interesting to note that Mr. Moore writes out his novels first in the form of a short story, round which he afterwards builds.

Mr. Morley Roberts has just completed the MS. of a new novel entitled "Reasons of State."

Mr. Rider Haggard's new novel, "The Swallow," commences serial publication in the *Graphic* this month. It is being published simultaneously in Australia in a well-known Sydney newspaper, and in America in *Munsey's Magazine.*

It is not generally known that Mr. Munsey was the first and only publisher to defy the American News Company, who are, we believe, the Smith and Son of the United States. When he decided to reduce the price of *Munsey's Magazine* from 25 to 10 cents, he went to the American News Company to ascertain how far they would support his new venture. They gave him to understand that he could not expect to get from them any more than 4 or 4½ cents per copy, and that he must take that or do without their assistance. As they have innumerable agencies all over the United States, the want of their co-operation in dealing with a periodical such as *Munsey's* was a very serious matter.

After seeing the representatives of the News Company, Mr. Munsey returned to his office and wrote them a short note to the effect that he had no intention of letting them have a single copy of his periodical under 6½ cents, and that they could take them or leave them as they liked. Very shortly afterwards he wrote again, saying that he had made a mistake, and that they could not in future have any copies under 7 cents, that being the price at which he was then, and is now, prepared to sell one copy or a million to anybody who comes and is prepared to pay for them.

Rolf Boldrewood has collected a number of his short stories, which have been published in various periodicals during the last few years, and will issue them in volume form during the forthcoming autumn season. We hear that Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will, as usual, be the publishers both here, in the Colonies, and in America.

Mr. John Macqueen is about to issue a new edition of Mr. J. A. Barry's "Steve Brown's Bunyip." It will be remembered that this book was published some few years ago by Messrs. Remington and Co., and that the first edition contained an introductory poem written by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Kipling is, we understand, a great admirer of much of Mr. Barry's work.

We believe that in addition to the new edition of "Steve Brown's Bunyip," Mr. Macqueen has also arranged to publish in the early autumn an entirely new novel by Mr. Barry, entitled "The Luck of the Native-Born."

Messrs. George Newnes have been successful in securing a series of stories from Mr. J. A. Barry for publication at an early date in their *Strand Magazine.*

Mrs. Cotes ("Sara Jeanette Duncan") is at present living in America, in a part of the country where she intends to lay the scene of her new novel.

"In a Harbour City," a story which she has recently completed, will be published serially in this country in the *Lady's Pictorial*, commencing this month (July). It will be published simultaneously in one of the best papers in Australia and also in America. At a later date it will be published in book form by Messrs. Methuen and Co., who published Mrs. Cotes' last very successful book, "A Voyage of Consolation."

Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson have secured the right of publishing Mr. Bret Harte's next volume of short stories, and will bring it out early in the autumn.

We hear that this firm have also secured Mr. Max Pemberton's new novel, entitled "The Phantom Army."

We hear that Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new volume of essays, shortly to be published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, is to be entitled "The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow." The book will be published simultaneously in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Mr. William Le Queux's "Scribes and Pharisees" has, we hear, had an unusually large sale. Mr. Le Queux, who now usually resides in Italy, is at present on a visit to this country, and has brought with him ready for publication the corrected proofs of a new novel to which he has given the title of "The Day of Temptation."

Messrs. Service and Paton will publish this autumn a novel by Miss Cornwall Legh. The author is well known as a writer of juvenile books, but has never before published a novel. The same publishers will also issue a half-guinea volume on the inexhaustible Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. It is said to be the best and most exhaustive book on the subject that has yet appeared. They will also publish shortly a new volume by Professor Sayce of Oxford, entitled "Early Israel and the Surrounding Nations."

The late Sir Edward Burne-Jones contributed to the first number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* a paper on the "Newcomes." It is deeply religious in spirit. The writer says: "I claim at once and express assent to the position that the work we do, we do not for ourselves nor our own pleasure nor advancement, but in the name of Christ according to His commandments." Mr. Doyle's illustrations are carefully criticised. Burne-Jones says that

many of the scenes chosen perhaps really do not afford a subject for illustration, but that the main illustrations are far less successful than the rest. He praises highly, however, the symbolical drawings which form round the initial letters of chapters. He particularly refers to the initials to chapters 26, 30, 36 in the first volume, and 3, 4, 6, 20, 28, 31 in the second volume.

A somewhat remarkable article on Literary Life in London, by Mr. W. H. Rideing, appears in the *North American Review*. Mr. Rideing is very well known to English men of letters through his connection with the *Youths' Companion* of Boston, and with the *North American* itself. It is not very easy to write on the subject without making mistakes. Mr. Rideing says, for example :—

One might point to a forlorn figure coming down a dingy stairway from an editorial office in Paternoster Row, and say that that was literary life in London—a woman in seedy black, poverty and unspeakable dejection expressed in dress and face, with red, tearful eyes and a roll of manuscript in her split and ripped gloves. Paternoster is a poor name for the rag-fair of Literature, and the slop shop of penny books, where the "sweater" plies his trade, but within its dismal precincts there is a whole class of women like this one, and similar men, and the chronic disappointment of the accepted calls as loudly for prayers as the anguish of the rejected.

We do not know anything about the whole class of literary women who dwell within the "dismal precincts" of Paternoster Row. We doubt whether there is one such. Neither do we understand that Paternoster Row is the headquarters of penny books. As for the "chronic disappointment of the accepted," surely all periodicals have their regular rates, and they are in most cases moderately good rates, enough at least to give women as much as they can earn at any other occupation.

Mr. Rideing speaks of "adventure books which in the holiday season sell by the tens of thousands," and tells us that the author gets some £20 for writing them. Here again we seem to be in the region of romance. We at least do not know anything about adventure books which sell by tens of thousands. This would be an exaggeration if it were applied to the most popular works of adventure. Certainly when the circulation comes anything within sight of these figures, the authors are very well paid indeed.

Mr. Rideing says :—

In fact, the author of successful fiction is rapidly approaching the point where he will take all the profit, and the outlook for the publisher is obscured by a hopeless gloom, which is not any more bearable to him from the consciousness that the author sees in it the shadow of retribution. A story illustrative of the relative position of the two is familiar in some of the clubs, and may be repeated here, though to have full effect it needs the oral mimicry of the sonorous speech and lofty manner of the very successful novelist who tells it of himself. His publisher approaches and says, "Highflyer, I want your next book." "Very good, Buckram, you shall have it." "On what terms, Highflyer?" "Two shillings per copy on a six-shilling book." Buckram collapses, being driven to drink in despair, and a week elapses before he reappears with a humbled manner to say, "Highflyer, I accept your terms."

We doubt whether the outlook of the publisher of successful fiction, like Mr. Heinemann for example, is obscured by hopeless gloom. In any case we should like to know who the novelist is who has compelled his publisher to give him 2s. a copy. We have known a few cases where new publishers, in their desire to gain a position, have offered this sum, and even more, to get a good name on their list. We doubt, however, if the sum has been paid by any house of high standing. Authors are sensible enough to recognise that extensive advertising is a matter of the first importance, and that this advertising cannot be given to books if the royalty is immoderate.

Again Mr. Rideing says :—

Let us figure on one novel of which I have some information. The author received 18,000 dols. for its use serially in the United States, and about the same sum for its use in an English magazine during the same period—that is, 36,000 dols. in all. When it had run its course through twelve numbers of the magazines, it became his property again to publish in a book. The book was published at six shillings a copy there, and here at a dollar and a half a copy. Altogether, fully one hundred and fifty thousand copies of it (probably more) have been sold, and assuming the royalty to be only twenty per cent., we have 45,000 dols. to add to the previously mentioned 36,000 dols. This gives us a total of 81,000 dols—far more than George Eliot received for her masterpiece, or Disraeli in the heyday of his glory as the prodigy of politics and literature for his, or Thackeray, the supreme genius of English fiction, for his. Yet the earning power of the book is by no means exhausted. Cheaper editions are to appear, adding to the revenue, and royalties for serial use in far-off colonies, the Cape, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, and the rights of translation are still to be reckoned, and then the story is to be turned into a play, which is not likely to bring the author less than 50,000 dols., and may bring him twice or thrice 50,000 dols. more.

The reference is evidently to Mr. Hall Caine's book "The Christian," but the figures are extremely inaccurate. The sum paid for the publication of "The Christian" in the *Windsor Magazine* was £1,500, and in *Munsey's Magazine* about the same. Consequently Mr. Rideing has doubled the figures received for serial publication. This is not a very important matter, but if the subject is to be written upon at all the thing had better be done accurately. We should doubt whether Mr. Hall Caine's dramatic rights had brought him in even £10,000 a story, not to speak of £40,000. Figures like these are entirely wild. It does not follow at all that because a man writes a popular novel he can make it a popular drama. Of these instances enough might be given. The fact is that the dramatist's skill and the novelist's skill are different matters, and the dramatist needs not only a given subject but the power to treat it well.

Mr. Rideing winds up with an attack on the literary agent. He says :—

The literary agent must not be overlooked in accounting for the "boom." Usually a shrewd man of business, he makes bargains for the author, and pushes all the work entrusted to him after the noisy and mendacious manner of the advance agent of a circus. He flourishes the trumpet and beats the big drum for each of his clients in turn, and if it is Highflyer who has a novel for sale, the possible purchaser is advised that, of all novelists, Highflyer is the one who has the largest sales and commands the highest prices, while if Highflyer is out of the market and Windebagge or somebody else is in it, it is he who is proclaimed paragon.

He goes on :—

The more manuscripts he sells and the higher the price he obtains the larger are his own commissions. The young author in his hands who has made a success at the start, is not allowed to choose his own time for further work and to prepare for it, but is urged and tempted to add book to book until he becomes a diffuse and tedious hack, undesired by anybody, undesired even by the liferary agent himself. An instance occurs to me. The young author was "boomed" so

persistently that in order to fulfil his orders he had to rise at four in the morning, and then, sitting down with a type-writer before him and a phonograph at his elbow, he would carry along two stories at once. His first book was an instant success when it appeared a few years ago, but his last manuscript, delivered "as per invoice" in the words of the agent, has been rejected by thirteen different periodicals, and is still in the market. "As per invoice" expresses the agent's view of literature precisely.

We should like to know who this young author is. Till we are told we shall permit ourselves to look on the story as pure fiction. It might be possible to guess who is in Mr. Rideing's mind, and if the guess is correct he is a very long way from the truth. It must be admitted that the literary agent has in some cases done too much to stimulate the activity of his clients, but there are instances known to us where he has done what he could to restrain it. Literary agents, in fact, are quite intelligent enough to know that there is no way in which an author can so speedily and surely destroy himself as by publishing too many books. Even, there, however, a question of difficulty arises, for in these days it is hard for any novelist to keep up his vogue beyond a certain number of years, and it is astonishing how soon the sale stops even of a very successful book. On the whole Mr. Rideing's contribution to this subject is not illuminating.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

MAY 23RD TO JUNE 18TH, 1898.

The amount of business transacted during the period in question has been about equivalent to that of previous years at this time; in other words, it has been a moderate one. It would probably have been even less favourable but for the unseasonable weather. The country trade is loud in its complaints, and not without reason, considering the manner in which its calling is subjected to attacks on all sides, many tradesmen selling books relating to their businesses, such as the photographic material dealers, seedsmen, opticians and scientific instrument makers. And the aggravating feature of the case is that they obtain the full published price in most instances. There is a fair amount of export business doing and the South African Market is developing, as might have been expected, into a very important one.

A noticeable feature of the trade just now is the issue of so many biographies of Mr. Gladstone. There has been such a large number of them that they have competed with each other, but "Gladstone, the Man," by D. Williamson has been the most popular. Mr. Gladstone's own writings have been more freely enquired for, especially his "Impregnable Rock of Scripture."

There have been several issues of standard copyright novels in a sixpenny form. The practice appears to be to print a large edition (one instance of 100,000 can be quoted) and not to reprint in this form. "Robbery under Arms" by Rolf Boldrewood may be cited as a case in point, and the publishers state that there has been a distinct impetus given to the sales of the better edition.

Now is the "London Guide" season, and a large number of new ones have appeared this year. The total sales have been very satisfactory. Little's "London Pleasure Guide" appears to supply a want.

The six-shilling novel is not seen at its best at this season of the year, but the appearance of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale" has been very opportune. It is the favourite of the moment, followed by "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" by E. T. Fowler, and "The Millionaires" by F. F. Moore. There has been more enquiry for Miss Braddon's latest novel, "Rough Justice."

The Wagner celebrations have caused a considerable enquiry for works dealing with this musician's compositions. The one most sought after is "The Epic of Sounds," by Freda Winworth.

The appended list gives the books most in demand at the time of going to press, and, save in the case of the first three titles, the order has no meaning.

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Millionaires. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Indiscretions of Lady Asenath. By B. Thompson. 6s. (Innes.)
The Admiral. By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Lake of Wine. By B. Capes. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Londoners. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)
American Wives, etc. By G. Atherton. 6s. (Service.)
Evelyn Innes. By G. Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)
Adventures of John Johns. By F. Carrel. 6s. (Bliss.)
Penelope's Experiences in Scotland. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay.)
Kronstadt. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)
The Hon. Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s. (Arnold.)
The Impregnable Rock of Scripture. By W. E. Gladstone. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)
Gladstone, the Man. By D. Williamson. 1s. (Bowden.)
The Epic of Sounds. By Freda Winworth. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin.)
Private Life of Queen Victoria. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)
The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
Quo Vadis? By H. Sienkiewicz. 2s. (Dent.)

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
May 28—A quiet week in the home trade, with a slight improvement at the end. Foreign and colonial business steady.
June 4—Holiday week: very little doing. Export business about the same.
" 11—Rather busier in town and country departments. Colonial and foreign trade good.
" 18—A typical summer week, the bright weather telling against bookselling. Export business satisfactory.

(2) SCOTLAND.

MAY 21ST TO JUNE 21ST, 1898.

Quite as remarkable as the sympathy evoked throughout the country by Mr. Gladstone's death came the desire on all hands to study his life and work. The great statesman's name will ever be associated with the repeal of the paper duty, leading to the gradual cheapening of literature, and on his death, owing to that act everyone had brought within reach the means of studying his long and busy life. In this way the trade was brisk, specially in the early part of the month, many works being issued and others revised to date dealing with all phases of Mr. Gladstone's character and career. Mention may be made of the following as having attracted attention:—"W. E. Gladstone" by George Barnett Smith, "The Real Gladstone" by J. E. Ritchie, "Talks with Gladstone" by Tollemache, "Life of Gladstone" by Mr. Russell (late M.P.), and a volume containing

orations delivered in Parliament over his achievements and edited by D. Williamson.

Probably the most prominent novel of the month was "Helbeck of Bannisdale" by Mrs. Humphry Ward, which was readily stocked and sold well. A good steady sale was also found for "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" by Miss Fowler and "John Burnet of Barns" by John Buchan. The tourist season in Scotland having begun, much activity was shown in the issue of guide-books not only by the larger publishing firms but also by the local booksellers in the frequented districts. Amongst these may be mentioned the work on "Iona," its history and antiquities, by the Minister on that Isle, the usual railway hand-books, and an interesting volume on John Knox's quaint old house in Edinburgh by C. J. Guthrie, Q.C. In Scottish literature there came a volume of "Ballads by the Glasgow Ballad Club" and in the "Famous Scots" Series, "William Dunbar" by O. Smeaton and "David Hume" by the late Professor Calderwood.

Two sixpenny novels were bought in large quantities and sold readily, namely, "Robbery Under Arms," by Boldrewood, and the "The Sea Queen," by Clark Russell. The latter-named author's work, "Heart of Oak," as a railway two-shilling novel took well.

Appended is a list of the best selling books of the month:—

Kronstadt. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)
Millionaires. By F. F. Moore. (Hutchinson.)
Lust of Hate. By Guy Boothby. (Ward and Lock.)
John Burnet of Barns. By John Buchan. (Lane.)
Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By Miss Fowler. (Hodder.)
The Admiral. By Douglas Sladen. (Hutchinson.)
Indiscretions of Lady Asenath. By Basil Thomson. (Innes.)
Miss Betty's Mistake. By Adeline Sergeant. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Her Ladyship's Elephant. By D. D. Wells. (Heinemann.)
Simon Dale. By A. Hope. (Methuen.)
Friendship. By Rev. Hugh Black. (Hodder.)
Sea Queen. By Clark Russell. (Low.)
Robbery Under Arms. By Ralph Boldrewood. (Macmillan.)
Many works on the life of Mr. Gladstone at all prices.

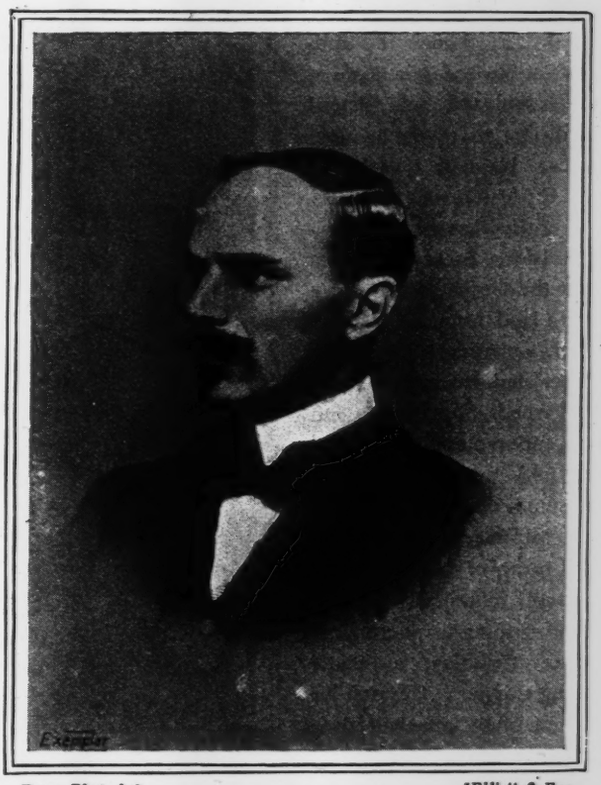
NEW WRITERS.

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT.

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT, whose charming novel "The Forest Lovers" we review on another page, is the eldest son of Henry Gay Hewlett, Esq., to whose influence and training as a scholar and man of letters he is indebted for much of his literary skill. Mr. Hewlett was born in 1861, and was educated at various private schools School-life was, it seems, never much to his taste. He cared nothing for the ordinary routine lessons, but spent his time reading and scribbling. He was quite indifferent to his chances of an Oxford Scholarship, and ended his school-days without one. He has been known to say of himself, in describing this period of his life, "I wasted my time, I dreamed, I tried to do things too big for me, and threw them up at the first failure; I diligently pursued every false god; I don't think I was very happy, and I am sure I was very disagreeable; I doubt now if I was ever a boy, except for a short period when by rights I should have been a man." This, however, is only Mr. Hewlett's own opinion. Perhaps his friends may not take quite his view. Ultimately he got his share of discipline, for at eighteen or so he was sent to London and set down to a steady grind at black-letter law—a study which has been hereditary in his family ever since his great-grandfather left his Somersetshire home and settled in London. In 1888 Mr. Hewlett married, in 1890 he was called to the Bar. Some time afterwards he fell ill, and a tour abroad which followed awoke in him the desire to write more seriously.

Lecturing at South Kensington, University College and other places upon Mediæval Thought and Art occupied him at first. He used to review for the old *Academy* on those lines, and indeed contributed to most of the weekly and monthly reviews at various times.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. published his first book in 1895. It was called "Earthwork out of Tuscany," and was a collection of Italian studies and inventions. It is



From Photo by] MR. MAURICE HEWLETT. *[Elliott & Fry.*

out of print at present, but there is to be a new edition this year, with illustrations by Mr. Kerr-Lawson. That book owes most of its success to America. Some of it has received the two-edged distinction of "conveyance" by the broad-minded Mr. Mosher, of Portland, Maine. In the same year the same publishers issued "The Masque of Dead Florentines," a poem, illustrated by Mr. J. D. Batten. The next book was also poetry, "Songs and Meditations," published in 1896 by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. Last comes "The Forest Lovers," and as soon as possible it will be followed by a book which was intended to precede it, "Pan and the Young Shepherd," a blend of pastoral, fairy tale and masque. At present Mr. Hewlett occupies the post of head of the Land Revenue Record Office, to which he was appointed by the Treasury two years ago. His career has not been an adventurous one; as he himself would put it, "most of a writer's adventures take place in his head." But, quiet or stirring, the life of the author of such a book as "The Forest Lovers" cannot be an uninteresting one.

THE READER.

THE LATE SIR W. G. SIMPSON, BART., AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE recent death of Sir Walter Simpson, the "Cigarette" of the "Inland Voyage," recalls his close companionship with Louis Stevenson. For a decade they journeyed frequently together, and in Edinburgh saw much of one another. Many who knew the "Arethusa's" companion were amused at the many drily salient remarks, and the one ebullition of temper, and one burst of possessed romancing over a Norway knife which were chronicled of the friend whom R. L. S. calls "the imperturbable Cigarette," whose love of canoeing fired Stevenson to take the trip, the log of which he made a classic. Sir Walter, though the antipodes of Stevenson in manner, complexion, and build, shared his dislike to tourist-haunted routes. He had a yacht on the Clyde for some seasons and cruised among the Western Isles. Stevenson, who knew the Ultima Thule of his native land from the Pharos's travel, sometimes joined Sir Walter, and "merry of soul" they sailed "by islands and seas and mountains of rain and sun." But there had been for some seasons more rain than sun and both friends liked plenty of the latter. The Cigarette inherited a taste for seafaring from his grandfather Walter Grindlay, a Baltic trading skipper. He and his brothers often launched their slim-built canoes on the gurly Firth of Forth, and paddled up to Stevenson's pet haunt, the Hawes Inn, by the Firth's broad watery high road. When an unconventional autumn holiday was spoken of, Sir Walter, remembering his good ship *Cigarette* and being aweary of misty summers and grim seas, suggested combining canoeing and sunshine.

From Photo by [*J. G. Tunny, Edinburgh.*

SIR W. G. SIMPSON, BART.

The history of this familiar friend of Stevenson's is easily summed up. Walter Grindlay Simpson was born some four years before his father, then a Professor in Edinburgh, discovered in 1847 what a good man called "God's best blessing to His suffering children—Chloroform." Simpson was seven years R. L. S.'s senior, and, like the future author, was a docile, lovable little chap, chiefly remarkable for his attractive looks and the colour and quantity of his golden hair. He was a second son and a devoted admirer of his elder brother David, a youth formed in a sterner, stronger mould. To Stevenson, who was always seeking after new experiences, it was a revelation to hear his friend the Cigarette speak of his juvenile days when, as one of five sons, he had had many adventures, enjoyments, disciplining knocks. R. L. S, sole ruler of his "bright fireside nursery clime," was amused to hear how Cigarette when a yellow haired laddie was in receipt of an annual income of a halfpenny, which he earned by running all his brother David's errands. If he demurred, he was beaten with his masterful senior's glossy leather belt with a pain-giving clasp, a serpentine S on it. Louis, having been a model little boy himself, hearkened with amused horror to the accounts of some escapades of his friend's youth. When David, who had a spice of dare-devilry in him, escorted Walter to parties, he made a cat's-paw of his gentle-mannered, easily governed junior brother. His victim once had a gallows-like experience at his hands, David accidentally heard that some medical knowledge might be obtained from seeing a man hung. He wished even when in socks and blouses to be a doctor. So with a hangman's skill he strung up the protesting but ever-obedient Wattie and was watching his rosy face turning black, when a nurse cut short his precocious studies and rescued the choking Cigarette. David went to the Edinburgh Academy, and his fair shadow Wattie of course followed him. Cigarette and Arethusa were at this school together, but R. L. S. was in the "gytes" when his future friend was a sixth-form boy. At school, even if years had not separated them, they would have had little in common, for Walter Simpy son though short was strongly built and athletic, a keen cricketer, and stood well to the fore in the play yard. Lew Stevenson shrank from boyish sports and consequently knew few even of the lads who sat on the bench with him. Cigarette would fain have played truant, as the Arethusa did, but a doctor's house is not a good place to malinger in. Assumed toothache kept him constantly from school, but the tooth was removed, and when the guileless Walter next feigned a headache he was told that it was instantly curable by the removal of the offending member. After that he plodded to his classes punctually. As he showed no special bent, and amiably wished to do as his elders bade, a merchant's career was chosen for him, and he was placed under the care of his father's comrade, Sir John Pender, of Atlantic cable fame. From the Manchester office he was advanced to Cairo, and while mastering his business there his prospects changed. He heard his father had at last accepted a baronetcy on New Year's Day, 1866—the first ever offered to a physician

practising north of Tweed. A few days later the new Sir James's distinguished son and able colleague, for he had become Dr. David, died after a brief illness, and a telegram recalled the quiet-going Walter from Egypt. He returned to a house of mourning, where the new honours the sorely bereaved father found were "such baubles," for within a month, as well as his helpful first-born son, he lost his daughter, a girl of seventeen. Sir James sent the future baronet to Cambridge, where he was, as at school, well liked. He rowed for his college (Caius), locally, not as stroke of the 'Varsity boat, as some have stated, and he took his degree, as he took life, easily and unpretentiously. His father's health failing through overwork, he was recalled to Edinburgh, and helped to nurse his dying parent during his last months of forced inactivity. The Cigarette being, unlike the Arethusa, anxious to please his father, offered to join his profession, but Sir James advised "his Wattie" to study for the bar, where he thought his title would help, instead of hampering him; so when in midsummer, 1870, he became Sir Walter, he turned his attention to his legal curriculum. About that time, Louis, rebelling against his hereditary business, had, he says, a "dreadful evening walk" with Mr. Stevenson senior, which ended in his abandoning engineering, and promising to do his best to have a plate fixed on 17, Heriot Row, with R. L. Stevenson, Advocate, thereon engraven. Thus it came about that Simpson and Stevenson, who had lived opposite one another for years, met one Speculative Society evening.

R. L. S. IN THE BART.'S HAT, 1876.

Stevenson was erratically wayward, but in the main very true to his impulsively formed friendships. Sir Walter was always Wattie to those in Edinburgh who had been at school with him; to those who knew him at Edinburgh University, at his club or golf green he was "the Bart.," or to his still more intimate companions "the Barry." Stevenson dropped into the use of the latter name, for he became a welcome guest at his friend's bachelor establishment in St. Colme Street. The Bears' den was one of his names for the Simpsons' new home, where Sir Walter and two other members of the doubly-orphaned 52 Queen Street household lived together. Stevenson said the three bears growled if their special seats or special dishes were meddled with. The Bart. had his pipe and book on a shelf hard by a red velvet rocking-chair, and if anyone, even his favourite dog, sat on it, he, whose temper was hard to ruffle, grew testy. He also raised loud objections to the Arethusa's clothes, for, what with them and the sailor-like sacks they carried their canceing luggage in, they were mistaken twice on their voyage for pedlars. He was simpler in his tastes than R. L. S., but preferred comfort to unnecessary roughing of it among grimy surroundings. From Stevenson's *outré* choice of dress he suffered often. He himself on tour was unvaryingly dressed in successive suits of pale grey flannel with unmistakeable British-cut knee-breeches. "Here," writes Stevenson of him in the "Epilogue of the Inland Voyage," when the Cigarette had been "culled like a wayside flower by a gendarme" and brought before the authorities to bear out the imprisoned and suspected Arethusa's tale, "was a man about whom there could be no mistake, a man of unquestionable and unassailable manner, in apple-pie order, dressed not with neatness merely, but with elegance, ready with his passport at a word, and well supplied with money." Stevenson, standing smoking by the Bart.'s hearth (for he preferred standing to sitting, as he could slue round as on a pivot and face, while he addressed, a Little, a Middle, or a Big bear), used to like to see his friend in his conservative grey smoking-jacket, which had been part of his previous summer suit. As R. L. S. said, it was to him a fellow voyager and recalled rivers and sea or greenwood ruminations. Many a winter's evening Stevenson spent in Sir Walter's library, pacing the floor when excited, while his host sat with his pipe between his teeth and listened, unless he had some carefully thought-out views, always original, ofttimes oddly droll, to expound. Stevenson was a patient listener, notwithstanding his ability to talk like a well-written book. He helped his slower, hesitating friend from out of his store of words, helped, as it were, to clothe gracefully the strong framework (for the Cigarette's ideas had plenty of backbone in them) "our Barry" reared. Sir Walter was a deep-thinking, well-read man, studying philosophic works carefully. He had not his father's gift of taking the heart out of a book in a space as brief as a skilfully executed surgical operation, but having ample leisure he read slowly and digested what he perused thoroughly. He was well versed in foreign literature, but abroad his shy, halting expressions luckily marked him as a British subject, so when Stevenson's unnatural glibness of tongue, along with his strange appearance, brought about his arrest, Sir Walter rescued him. "This beau cavalier unblushingly claimed the Arethusa for his friend," Louis said in the Epilogue. That was the time the Cigarette's Casabianca truthfulness very nearly landed them both in prison as he would not allow the Commissary to dock his title of *et* and advance him to a baron. That walking sequel to their canoe cruise was stopped by the authorities, owing to

Stevenson's unclassable appearance. The Cigarette's clean-shaven face and well-cropped head was a passport to his nationality; his juvenile fairness had toned down with years to an Anglo-Saxon écru, ashen colour. An American, writing of him from Gretz in a well-known transatlantic magazine, described him as Sir Salter Wimpson, the baronet with the neat legs who sat and read Kant in that artistic Bohemian centre.

Stevenson and his friend had opposite bents of mind, but they agreed well while differing. In the walking trip alluded to when the Arethusa was as usual arrested, they arranged to meet of an evening, but did not journey together. Their pace did not suit one another. Stevenson walked along with a precise toe-and-heel, swinging stride. Sir Walter's manner of locomotion was the reverse of R. L. S.'s. He took pounding, toddling, stumpy heel-and-toe steps. Once R. L. S. and his artist cousin were at Fontainebleau with the baronet and his brother, and at the end of an avenue the Stevensons stopped and looked back. While talking volubly they had hurried ahead of their sturdy companions. The two Simpsons enquired why the Stevensons had been stabbed with laughter on their approach, and had it explained to them that their abrupt steps, along with their small, square-toed shoes, had suggested to the freakish cousins that it was a pity the brothers had not lived in the time of Louis XIV., and found royal favour by dumping in the uneven stone "causey" in the Route de Paris. The Cigarette and his diverse friend, however, accommodated their views as they did their pace, and both enjoyed meeting and exchanging ideas. When R. L. S. was radiantly elated over a book or a friend he had newly found to his taste, the Barry hearkened, and let the Arethusa's excitement froth over before he expressed an opinion on either. Stevenson enlisted Sir Walter's generous practical sympathy for W. E. Henley, whom he found ill in Edinburgh Infirmary. Simpson's library was placed at the sick man's disposal. At once Louis began to climb to the highest shelves to select literature. He threw down his chosen volumes clumsily, and finally, when really but a few feet from the floor, feared to drop. He hung there as over an abyss in an agony of terror, till the kind-hearted baronet arose and helped him down and climbed his own shelves with sailor-like skill. He bowled the books on to his vacated chair with an unerring aim, and Stevenson, who had been prostrate with exhaustion, vowing Henley would have to read nothing but tract literature bestowed by religious visitors on him, for he could not face these precipitous shelves again, looked with admiration on his companion's nimble scaling powers; at the same time he abused him for being so selfish as to keep no ladder for feebler mortals.

Sir Walter, like Stevenson, practised little at the bar. He did not, like R. L. S., bolt when he had a few words to say, for he had a stubborn sureness about him as to what he wanted to express, though his tongue was not ready. The Speculative Society, for which R. L. S. cherished such lasting tender recollection, heard more brilliant speeches from the Bart. than the bar. He was at home amongst its members, and they knew, despite his jerky delivery, he could say his say in a dogged, emphatic, if not fluent form. He was not garrulous. He never spoke unless he had something he wished to explain, and his well-weighed speeches were also often full of singular keen contagious humour. The Bart.'s "Spec." dinners were in high repute in Stevenson's day. He was a free and easy, untroubled host. Simpson was very popular, being amiable, good-looking, hospitable, and endowed as eldest son with worldly possessions. "Who is that seedy-looking boy Wattie Simpson walks across the Dean Bridge with every Sunday?" someone asked, observing Sir Walter and his friend who was little known in his native Edinburgh. When told who he was, he exclaimed, "What a daft-like laddie for a decent man to have for a son. I thought he was some foreign waif our good-humoured Bart. was befriending."

If Sir Walter did not pay much attention to law in the Parliament House, he there was bitten with a fancy for golf. By constant practice he became wonderfully proficient, and his difficulties in learning the game, his pleasure in wielding cleek or putter, he relates in his capital book, "The Art of Golf." He inclined, like many otherwise idle advocates, to literature, edited some posthumous papers of his father's, and it was a source of regret to him and others that diffidence kept him from undertaking Sir James's biography instead of Dr. Duns, D.D. He wrote a variety of papers on a diversity of subjects, one a record of the cruise of a bigger *Cigarette*, a centre-board boat he yachted in on the Seine. He also finished some unpublished novels and stories, one short tale written in a competition with R. L. S. and other three boon companions. This novel of Stevenson's with its rivals is likely, if not destroyed, to remain in manuscript, for it was, under promise, composed for three readers only. The capricious Stevenson was amused at the Bart.'s constancy to his fads and hobbies. By assiduous plodding he acquired excellence in golf and whist. His fancy for canaries, boating, French novels or philosophy was inborn. Sir Walter was interested in his friend's budding attempts at authorship, but he, like many others in the cold grey capital of the North, blinded by Louis's assumed irresponsible, flighty manner of thought and action, believed that that and his poor health would prevent him from ever becoming more than a brilliant chatterer, a dabbling, amusing amateur writer. The Bart., clearing out his smoking jacket pockets, which were bulging with a week's accumulation of letters, came to the conclusion they were burdened by unnecessarily superfine compositions from Stevenson, instead of the bare yea or nay or hour of meeting required. Looking over to R. L. S. towering above him, his elbow on the ledge of the bookcase, he remarked, "I believe you expect to be famous some day and have a bulky biography written?" Others present laughed at the idea, and so did R. L. S. "Well, look here," continued the baronet, knocking the ashes out of his tawny meerschaum and filling it slowly; "don't you trouble writing high falutin' notes to me, for every letter of yours goes into the fire." This was about the time the Cigarette followed his travels alongside the Arethusa's again, for R. L. S. in the subsequent winter reported frequently how with toil and trouble he compiled "the log" of their mutual journeyings. Stevenson somehow annexed a grey wide-a-wake which had voyaged with the Cigarette from Antwerp to Pontoise. He was photographed

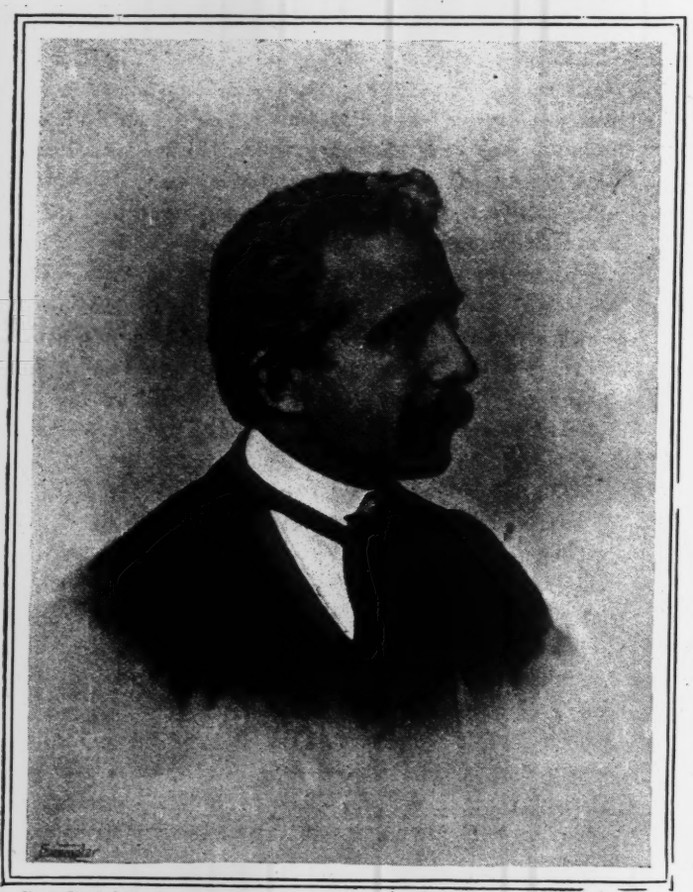
in it. "R. L. S. in the Bart.'s hat," Mrs. Stevenson called that portrait of her son. Sir Walter on being presented with a picture of his late head gear, remarked that Louis had not the knack of cocking his beaver, and made a once decent hat look disreputable. It was not only on water they travelled side by side, but regularly spring and autumn they went to Fontainebleau Forest. Stevenson liked Barbizon, Simpson preferred Gretz, where there was river and boats and bathing, for the baronet was as expert a swimmer as he was a skater, arts he learned in youth and not acquired like golf, after twenty-five. Stevenson and Simpson walked together on winter Sunday afternoons, and had many fireside talks, sometimes serious, frequently argumentative, and very often full of quirk, jest, and happy repartee, for Stevenson was as able a hand at compiling a book of nonsense as at rivalling Sterne in recording the sentimental side of his journeys. Louis in these days posed only as a mirthful, inconsequent talker, full of fantastic chimeras, a great builder of castles in the air. His friend, the Cigarette, was so earnest over his play, so studious too in his way, that it seemed he was the more likely to make his mark than the Arethusa. No one suspected that under the sunny butterfly nature, the superficial, flighty manner of R. L. S., there was a tortoise-like surety of progress towards his goal, viz., to be a consummate master of the pen. He looked more like the hare, anxious one minute to speed ahead, turning aside the next to loiter in pastures green.

After some ten years of constant companionship the Cigarette and Arethusa steered their courses in different directions. Stevenson married in 1880, and his friend soon followed his lead. Stevenson was willingly forced to live in the south, and after his marriage he only paid his native land an occasional visit. The Cigarette also left Edinburgh for the seclusion of the country, where he spent some years of sadly impaired health, hard to bear, for a once strong man, and did not very long survive his fellow voyager in the water ways of France.

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO.

CONTEMPORARY Italian novel literature is, with one exception, permeated by a somewhat sensual materialism, or inspired by the morbid theories of decadent and latter-day philosophers. This one exception is Antonio Fogazzaro, an idealist, a sincere Catholic of the Döllinger type, no fanatic, but a fervent believer, who, had he been born in a Protestant land, would have been a good Churchman. Indeed, nature seems to have made an error in creating Fogazzaro an Italian instead of an Englishman, or a German, and causing him to live too, in the Italy of to-day, flaccid of action and of conviction, striving too much to attain the mere gross satisfactions of existence, and inclined to sneer at idealism as old-fashioned and misplaced. Nevertheless, though appreciation has been slow to come, and has come first from abroad, there are none now in Italy who would hesitate to give a foremost place on the Italian Parnassus to Fogazzaro, and there is no longer any need that he should close his latest work with the grim word Bankruptcy, as he did some years ago, when, pained and wearied, he resolved to lay aside his pen for ever. In Fogazzaro, the man and the writer are of one piece, and the same high ideals have inspired all that he has written and done. He inaugurated his literary career in 1874 with a poem, "Miranda," which was at once translated into German, but attracted little attention in its fatherland, where its neo-romanticism ill accorded with the neo-classic movement then being brought into existence by the mighty genius of Carducci. This tale relates in hendecasyllables the consuming love of a maiden for a poet, "a king of thought," who abandons her to run after the vain fantasm of glory, and only returns when she is on her death-bed. It is a narrative full of psychological subtleties, of graceful and subjective descriptions of Northern Italian lake and mountain scenery, but, devoid of outward action, its drama is that of the soul. It was followed two years later by a collection of short, versified tales and poems named "Valsolda," after the valley that lies aside of Lago Lugano, which has become for Fogazzaro what Grassmere was to Wordsworth, with whom Fogazzaro has much mental affinity. "This book," writes Fogazzaro, "was written with more passion than art, for a tender friend of my early, and I hope of my last years, who has given me many happy hours, and who would not give a stone, or a leaf, for all the doctrines of the letterati"—written, in fact, for that obscure Alpine nook which, as a youth, he had sworn to render illustrious in and with his verse. Delicate, graceful, refined, of varying worth are these lyrics, all of which are saturated with that mystic feeling for Nature that we meet with throughout all Fogazzaro's writings, and which renders his prose so poetical. Yet again verse was his medium of expression; the next, a most remarkable work, being the volume entitled "Versione della Musica," in which he strives to render in words the mass of confused sentiments and images upraised in the mind by the music of different composers. Wonderfully happy are some of these impressionist dialogues, abrupt soul cries, and weird human records, playful and sad alternately, and in all cases so well following the music of the different pieces, which are all named, that we can echo their lilt through the words. A very perfect example is a minuet by Boccherini, a dialogue spoken in the mazes of the stately dance by a powdered lady and her bewigged and silk-clad cavalier. "Malombra," indifferently translated into English, was Fogazzaro's first larger prose work. It was followed in 1885 by "Daniele Cortis," and this was succeeded in 1888 by "Il Mistero del Poeta," and this again in 1895 by "Piccolo Mondo Antico." These and some short tales dispersed in periodicals make up his whole literary baggage, which is not large therefore, but what it lacks in quantity it furnishes in quality. All these works have one connecting link, deal with the same theme, the struggle in the human soul between passion and duty, the sad eternal strife between human reason and faith in the supernatural. Throughout all his works it is Fogazzaro's endeavour to make manifest that love will not suffice to ensure happiness if it be not sustained by Faith. This being his fundamental conception and purpose, we ever encounter in his books two protagonists, two opposing forces, one of which either triumphs over and subdues the other, or else both are shattered in the combat of conflicting views of life's end and aim. In "Malombra" the author has not yet learned to handle his tools in such a manner as to hide his ultimate intentions under the softening veil of

Art, hence it is an unequal work in which the situations are somewhat strained, and the minor characters are better portrayed than the major, just because less conscious effort has been bestowed upon them. In the close religion triumphs over free-thought by the might of love in the secondary characters, though in a rather forced and unphilosophical manner, out of keeping with the intimate nature of the personages. For the protagonist's reason, seeking to contend with faith and the heart, is shattered, and the heroine goes mad. A far stronger, better reasoned, and developed piece of work is "Daniele Cortis." Here, too, Duty conquers Passion, Faith overcomes Reason, but it does so, as so often in real existence, at the expense of the whole life happiness of the two beings, who, while fondly loving each other, think and argue in such widely divergent guise. Here, both are fine types, both ideal characters, both are willling to accept with resignation any sacrifice life may demand of them; their motto is that of the palms, "nubent non radice sed vertice." When the two lovers, who could not be united, part, in order not to fall into temptation by vicinity, he, a combative nature by instinct, throws himself with ardour into political life, and taking a higher view of his mission as deputy than the majority of his countrymen, resolves to fight in the political arena for the Social and Christian missions to which he believes himself called by Providence; she, who, like him, dreams a high ideal for her nation, but to be carried out in a different manner, grows infused with his spirit, his faith that Heaven alone can give them the strength to bear their burdens, and in their last conversation states that she desires to expiate her past incredulity, for she is fearful that her new faith has its roots only in her love. A noble book, nobly conceived, and nobly carried through.



From Photo by] [*Vianelli.*

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO.

"Il Mistero del Poeta," though it pleased more in Italy on account of its less austere thesis and its more sentimental character, is to my thinking a far inferior book. Its heroine is an Englishwoman, but by no means one whom the modern English would recognise. She belongs rather to the "Book of Beauty" type and days, with her languors, her simpering sentiment, her vapours. The scene of action is laid in a German mountain valley. Here Fogazzaro's heroes are about to touch earthly felicity when the cup is dashed from their lips by death, the inexorable. It is a curious trait on the part of Fogazzaro that, contrary to the usual practice, it is his men who are the believers, and the women who are the free-thinkers. This is again the case in the poetic romance "Miranda"; here once more by the hand of love the woman is brought to belief.

In Fogazzaro's latest work all his faults of construction seem to have vanished. While developing his thesis he has produced a real work of art, a masterpiece in which the men and women live, and breathe, and have their being outside the theories they are to adumbrate, where all is equally excellent, the chief and the minor personages, the scenic atmosphere, the subtle poetic golden thread that binds the whole into harmony. It is a pity that the book is so inordinately long, so replete with Lugano dialect, so full of incidents of purely local or national interest as to render it unsuited for translation. Would its author allow a translator to make judicious excisions so as to render the whole crisper and more rapid in movement, I am persuaded that the novel would find great appreciation among an English-reading public. Its whole character, its main idea, is rather English than latter-day Italian. This "Little Old World" is the world of Valsolda some forty years ago, when the fair land was under the hated Austrian rule; and a good idea of what Italians suffered and endured, what sacrifices they made for their country's liberation, may be gathered from its pages. The pained misunderstanding between husband and wife, who devotedly love one another, the domestic tragedy that results from their enforced discord, is here resolved by their common patriotic ideals and their recognition, after many sore conflicts, that each must give way mentally to the other, and respect the diversity of outlook that springs, not from superiority or inferiority in one or the other, but from intrinsic temperament. We are led to suppose, rather than told, that the husband's faith triumphs over the wife's unbelief. "Who does not know that there is no possible contradiction between reason and faith, that this is always a gift of God?" wrote the poet in a letter, speaking of this novel. "But was I to spoil the artistic effect of the story by inserting a reasoned apology of faith, which would have wearied many and converted none? No. I wished that facts should speak."

To the attempt to prove this unison of science with faith Fogazzaro has devoted the last years. He has been delivering lectures in all the chief cities of Italy to show that

Christian Cosmogony and the Darwinian theory are not antagonistic; two of which discourses were translated into English and published in the *Contemporary Review*. For his faith is not of the mediæval type, but that of the modern student. So ardently has he thrown himself into the apostolate that his admirers fear that it may check his novelistic activity, which would be a pity. In his residential city, Vicenza, he fills with zeal various municipal posts, where he puts in practice his political ideals, and quite recently he has been honoured by election to sit in the Italian Senate House. Notwithstanding all these activities, and the terrible sorrow that has befallen him in the loss of his only son, it is rumoured that he is at work on a new book that shall continue the story of Italy's rebirth, and of the couple of "Il Piccolo Mondo Antico."

HELEN ZIMMERN.

THE DISCOUNT QUESTION.

THE NEW SCHEME OF THE BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION.

BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE, M.A., BOOKSELLER, GLASGOW.

WHEN the Authors' Society refused their assent to the proposals provisionally agreed to by the Publishers' Association and the Booksellers' Association in reference to a limitation of discount, it was thought by many that the agitation would cease. But the booksellers have now been so thoroughly awakened to the extremely unsatisfactory state of the present condition of their trade, that they are not willing to let the matter drop. They have therefore proposed a new scheme, which has been submitted by them to the Publishers' Association and to the Authors' Society for the consideration of these bodies.

To understand the scope of this new scheme it is necessary to refer to last year's proposal. In the beginning of last year the Publishers' Association submitted to the Booksellers' Association the following suggestions:—

"That the present trade terms should be given only to those booksellers who pledge themselves not to exceed twopence in the shilling discount, and to maintain the published price of net books.

"Those who are willing so to pledge themselves to be supplied at scrip, net, and no odd copy."

These suggestions were gladly welcomed by the Booksellers' Association, and brought by them before the notice of all the booksellers throughout the country. Of these 728 gave their assent to the proposal, and sixty either refused or sent no reply. Of those who sent no reply it was known that several were already giving the smaller discount, and did not think it worth while to reply; and that others, while not opposed to the proposal, preferred to keep aloof from it. The number of those who resisted any change was thus very small indeed; while of this small number it was known that some based their objections on the ground that having a large credit business on which they allowed only a small discount they found it to their advantage to be included among the "cheap cash booksellers."

At the annual meeting of the Publishers' Association held in July 2nd, 1897, the following resolution was unanimously passed:—

"That the principle of the scheme proposed by the sub-committee be approved by this meeting, and that the council be requested to communicate with the Incorporated Society of Authors, with the view of securing their co-operation."

Three things have to be noticed in regard to this proposal and the resolution passed by the Publishers' Association.

(1) The proposal came from the Publishers' Association to the booksellers.

(2) The principle on which the proposal was based was the exercise of some form of control by the publishers on the prices at which their books were to be retailed to the public.

(3) The number of booksellers who gave their assent to the proposals was considered by the publishers as sufficient to justify them in their attempt to carry out their proposals into practice. But the decision was eventually made conditional on the Authors' Society giving their assent to it. Much to the regret of the great mass of booksellers throughout the country the Authors' Society did not give their consent and the proposals fell to the ground.

In drawing up the new scheme the booksellers took for granted that the publishers on their part would not offer any objections to the principles which they had embodied in their proposal of last year. It was not to be expected that the Publishers' Association would offer any objections to the new scheme, either on the ground that it still involves a principle of control, or on the ground that it is likely to receive opposition from that small section of the trade which is averse to any alteration in the present conditions. Not unnaturally, therefore, considerable astonishment and indignation has been aroused among the booksellers by the report of the sub-committee of the Publishers' Association on the scheme as published in the *Publishers' Circular* of May 28th, 1898, which was as follows:—

"The Committee consider that the proposal to abolish odd books and to supply all books at the average present terms is impracticable.

"The proposal in Clause 3 of the scheme depends on the principle of maintaining the retail price by depriving recalcitrant booksellers of trade advantages. This was also the main principle of the scheme which was considered last year. It was this principle to which the Society of Authors refused their assent, and which was also opposed by a strong section of the London trade.

"Until these objections are removed the Committee do not see their way to recommend the adoption of the new scheme."

The objections of the Society of Authors to last year's proposal were mainly twofold:—

(1) They considered that it interfered with Free Trade in the sale of books, and (2) they thought that by increasing the price to the public of novels and light literature, the demand for them would be decreased.

I do not propose here to enter into a discussion upon this latter point; but, seeing that in the Report of the Authors' Society no reference was made to books published above

6s., the booksellers in drawing up their new scheme presumed that the Authors' Society would not offer any objections to allowing a smaller discount to the public on the more expensive books, of which it may be thought that the price to the public need not be "cut so fine." By common consent it was also felt that it was useless to ask the publishers to give better terms to the booksellers, unless some arrangement was first made to secure that these terms were not given away to the public by the booksellers; and, again, it was necessary to meet the wishes of those booksellers who would object to any system requiring them to give the same terms for credit as for cash payments.

It was not easy to devise a scheme to meet all these difficulties. A careful study of the new scheme leads to the conclusion that it is a fair attempt at compromise among the many contending interests.

The following are the proposals embodied in this new scheme:—

1. Odd books to be abolished and all books to be supplied at the average present terms.

2. The invoiced price of each book to the lowest cash price to the public.

Thus:—

(*a*) Net books would be invoiced at full published prices.

(*b*) Novels and similar non-net books at 6s. and under would be invoiced at 25 per cent. off published prices.

(*c*) Non-net books above 6s. would be invoiced at not more than 2d. in the 1s. off published prices.

3. A minimum trade discount of 20 per cent. to be allowed at settlement to those booksellers who agree not to sell books to the public below the invoiced price, and to them only. (It must be remembered that from this discount of 20 per cent. working expenses have to be deducted, and these average from 13 per cent. to 15 per cent.)

It has been said that this scheme is practically the same as last year's proposal; but such a criticism arises from a misunderstanding of the principles on which the new scheme is based. It is true that the basis of the new scheme is, as with last year's scheme, some principle of control; but, with this exception, it differs from last year's scheme in many ways.

As was stated in the evidence before the Authors' Society, the discounts allowed by the publishers to booksellers differ very greatly. If booksellers were to restrict their business to books sold at six shillings and under, a "living wage" might be made off their business even after allowing 25 per cent. discount to the public; but if a similar discount has to be given off the more expensive books, then all such sales must be effected at a loss. The first consequence of this is, that booksellers confine their business, as far as they possibly can, to the cheaper books. The second result of this inequality of terms is, that booksellers push the sale not of the best books but of those books on which they get the best terms. The great majority of booksellers who take a vital interest in their business would doubtless wish to sell the best books; but if these do not pay so well as inferior books on which they get better terms, they are forced in self-preservation to promote the sale of the latter. If they had a living profit off all books they would doubtless try to push the sale of the best books, and would be willing to forego the extra profit to be derived from the sale of inferior books. At present competition is not so much between good and bad books, as between good and bad terms. The scheme of last year did not propose to interfere with this state of things. It suggested that the profit to the bookseller should be greater on all the books he sold; but at the same time very much greater proportionately on the cheaper books.

On the other hand the New Scheme proposes that there should be a minimum profit on all books sold. To secure this it suggests that the invoiced price of each book should be the lowest cash price to the public; but leaves it in the power of the publisher to fix the invoiced price. To meet the wishes of the Authors' Society it proposes that novels and similar non-net books at six shillings and under should be treated as at present, but that books above six shillings (except net books) should be invoiced at not more than twopence in the shilling off published prices. The difference between the published price and the invoiced price would be the *maximum* discount that would be allowed by any bookseller to the public. At the same time the scheme does not interfere with the arrangement which has hitherto been made in several towns and by individual booksellers throughout the country to give less than this maximum discount. In those booksellers' shops where expense is incurred in having trained assistants and attractive establishments the percentage of expenses is much higher than where these are wanting and the public has generally been found willing to pay for these advantages.

The anomalies of the present system are to a great extent due to the "odd copy." It is contended by the publishers that booksellers are induced by the offer of "seven as $6\frac{1}{2}$" to buy seven copies of a book instead of three or four. Booksellers admit this, but reply that just as often they refuse to buy any at all because they cannot take seven, and it does not pay them to buy three or four. It is, therefore, proposed to abolish the "odd copy" and to supply books at the average present terms. If the "odd copy" were abolished, and if the same proportion of profit were obtainable off the sale of the more expensive books as off the the cheaper books, then the bookseller would be induced not only to keep a greater variety of the cheaper books, but also to stock the more expensive books—which generally speaking he does not do at present, seeing that he cannot take seven, and it does not pay him to take less.

A careful working out of a number of calculations shows that if this scheme were adopted the financial result to the publisher would be as good as at present, provided the booksellers are correct in their belief that the total number of books sold would not be decreased by the abolition of the "odd copy."

But the vital principle of the proposal of last year and also of the new scheme is the introduction of some form of control by which the amount of discount given to the public by booksellers should be regulated. It has been contended that control is an exercise of "Coercion" and an interfer-

ence with the principles of Free Trade. It is very unfortunate that the words "Coercion" and "Free Trade" have been used so freely in this discussion. At present every publisher claims the right to give to his wholesale agents certain wholesale discount on condition that they do not sell his books to booksellers on better terms than he himself gives; and he reserves to himself the right to withdraw these wholesale terms if the conditions are not fulfilled. No one calls this interference with Free Trade or Coercion. Yet this is precisely what the publishers proposed last year and are asked now to do with the retail booksellers. They are asked to say to the bookseller that they will supply him with their books on certain retail terms provided he does not sell them again below the invoiced prices, and that they will withdraw these retail terms if these conditions are not fulfilled. Where is the difference between what exists unchallenged and what is asked for? The publisher has wholesale agents who buy his books from him on certain conditions. Why should there be such an outcry when it is suggested that he should look upon booksellers as retail agents and make with them similar conditions?

It has been objected that this scheme is objectionable on the ground that it prevents competition among the publishers. But this argument again is based on a misconception. The scheme was worked out so as not to ask from the publishers better terms than they give at present. There is nothing to prevent individual publishers giving better terms if they like. The evils which, owing to the present system, are attendant on this would be checked by the fact that, a fair profit being obtainable on all books, booksellers would not be forced as they are at present to put good terms before good books.

Again, it has been argued by some critics that there is no need now for the educated bookseller, as the free libraries and the spread of education have made him no longer necessary. This is quite a tenable position, and if it is a correct one, then it is best to leave the present conditions alone; as, judging from the experience of the last twenty years, unless some change is made, the educated bookseller is likely soon to become an extinct species. But if, on the other hand, it is felt that there is truth in what the Authors' Society has said that "In the general interest of literature, it is important that the race of trained and intelligent booksellers in this country should not be crowded out of existence," then something must be done to prevent the decay that is rapidly spreading.

Finally, it has often been asked, "Why do you discuss the discount question before the public?" and, "Why do you consult the authors?" The answer to both these questions is the same. Authors, publishers, booksellers, and the public may be looked upon as four partners in the distribution of literature; and it is only by recognising that their interests are mutual that the question can be faced at all. It is sometimes assumed that these schemes were started by the booksellers first, and accepted by the publishers, for the benefit of both, but chiefly of the former, and then brought before the authors for their generous acceptance, the interests of the public being totally disregarded. This assumption seems to me opposed at once to fact and common sense. Even those booksellers who give a discount of 25 per cent. can thrive if they place literature on a low level, *i.e.*, if they cease to be booksellers in any real sense of the word; but as many others have a higher idea of literature, and know that this idea cannot be kept up in the present state of things, they welcomed the scheme of last year, believing that if bookselling were raised to a higher level, it would be for the financial good of the publishers and authors, as well as of themselves, and for the good of the public in many ways.

Common sense shows that on any other assumption the scheme was doomed from the beginning. If booksellers "go to the wall," it may be a pity, but it is only when the consequence proves to be a financial loss to the publishers and the authors, and a great inconvenience to the public, that people begin to think.

If this view of the question be correct, it is obvious that the public should be consulted. But if they were to be consulted, it was necessary that certain misconceptions should be removed. I believe it is a prevalent and not unnatural idea that, even after allowing a discount of 25 per cent., booksellers still make a large profit in their business. As fallacies can only be disproved by facts and figures I prepared a statement in the spring of last year to prove that, with very few conceptions, retail bookselling of new books with a discount to the public of 25 per cent. is an impossibility. This statement showed that it would require a net turnover of £10,500 to yield a profit of £170, while on a net turnover of £6,000 there would be a loss of £20. This statement was widely circulated, and, so far as I know, has never been challenged. I venture, therefore, to think that its conclusions are correct, and that we may accept it as a fact that the profits of booksellers who give 25 per cent. discount are of the most meagre description.

The value of bringing such conclusions before the public consists in this—not that they are asked to forego something to benefit a "worthy but striving" class of men—but that they may see for themselves that they must do one of two things; either they must forego something to enable booksellers to keep up their shops in which the public can see books for themselves, or they must forego the booksellers' shops altogether.

If it was necessary to consult the public, it was even more necessary to consult the authors. It was necessary to consider such questions as, whether, on the one hand, the slight increase in retail prices would materially interfere with the sale of books; or, on the other hand, whether the greater facilities for showing books made possible to the booksellers by their increased profit would not result in larger sales.

The new scheme is now before the Authors' Society for their consideration and it is hoped that they will see that the use of control is quite as justifiable as it is necessary.

If the report of the Authors' Society is favourable to the new scheme then we may hope that the publishers will reconsider their recent decision. The relations between publishers and booksellers have always in the past been so cordial that it is hardly conceivable that the publishers would maintain themselves in opposition to both the authors and booksellers combined.

THE JOURNALIST.

THE STAFF OF THE *ECHO*.

It is just thirty years since the *Echo* was started by Messrs. Cassell and Co. Its proprietors since then have been various. Mr. Passmore Edwards retained it longer than any other; he purchased it in 1876, and, except for the few years during which it was in the possession of the Storey Carnegie Syndicate, kept it until it was acquired by the present proprietors.

Mr. W. M. Crook, who has recently become editor of the *Echo*, is an Irishman, a native of Sligo. He was educated at Dublin University and graduated with first class honours in classics in 1881. He read for the bar, but after a time gave it up, though he is still a member of the Inner Temple. He has taken an active share in political work, and in the election of 1892 contested Wandsworth in the Liberal interest. He is also a prominent member of the Eighty Club. For some years he was Secretary and is still a member of Committee. Mr. Crook has had a good deal of experience in journalism, though not on the regular staff of any newspaper. For the last few years, however, he has assisted the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes with the *Methodist Times*. He himself is a Wesleyan Methodist.

The chief news editor of the *Echo* is Mr. W. H. Chappell, a Hampshire man, with a long journalistic experience, who joined the *Echo* staff some years ago, after having served on the *Liverpool Daily Post* under Sir E. R. Russell, the art critic Mr. Ferriman, and the music critic Mr. B. W. Findon. The dramatic critic is Mr. Bettany, a younger brother of the late Professor Bettany of Cambridge, and therefore brother-in law of Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. Mr. J. Macdonald and Mr. Owen Roberts, barrister, assist Mr. Crook in leader writing. The Parliamentary sketch is done by Mr. Kinnear. He is the A. K. whose initials are to be seen at the foot of the articles in "The *Echo* Portrait Gallery." The manager is Mr. Cornish, brother of the well-known Secretary of the Institute of Journalists. The *Echo* does not profess to be a sporting paper, but the cricket and general athletic news is in the charge of Mr. Ward.

Most of the leading contributors to the *Echo* prefer to preserve a strict anonymity. Readers are familiar with the signatures of Mr. Sidney Webb, the Rev. H. R. Haweis and Mrs. Haweis, Miss Florence Balgarnie, Karl Blind, Rev. R. C. Fillingham, Mr. J. F. Hogan, M.P., Mr. F. Verinder, Rev. Harold Rylett, Rev. Dr. Parker, Mrs. Jope-Slade, Dr. Gordon Stables, and the Rev. J. Page Hopps, but the writer of the Natural History papers, which have been a special feature of the journal for some time, shrouds his identity beneath the pseudonym of "Luke Ellis." The writer of the Dublin Letter is a well-known figure in literary and political society both in Dublin and London. The Paris correspondent is one of the best-informed men in Paris.

The *Echo*, while essentially a newspaper, does not confine itself to questions merely of the hour. Many of its articles are on subjects of permanent interest. This may explain the exceptional width of its circulation. It is widely known in the provinces, and is read in remote parts of the Continent wherever a little colony of English people has gathered.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. Sidney Low, who has returned from the United States, now writes regularly for the *Standard*.

Mr. J. E. Chamberlain, assistant editor of the National Press Agency, was the recipient of a handsome salad bowl from the literary and commercial staff on the occasion of his marriage. The presentation was made on behalf of the staff by Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, the literary manager, who also presented to Mrs. Chamberlain, as a personal gift from Mrs. Spurgeon and himself, a pair of fish-carvers in case.

Mr. John Reburn, commercial manager of the National Press Agency, has left London for a trip to the United States. He proposes to make arrangements at New York for further extending the operations of the National Press Agency in the States.

Mr. Frank Hird, author of the book, "The Cry of the Children," which has attracted considerable attention, has lately resigned his post as Rome correspondent of the *Morning Post*. Mr. Hird was formerly on the editorial staff of *Black and White*, and it was at that time that he gained the experience which enabled him to write his book.

A syndicate of London gentlemen has been negotiating for the purchase of the *Bristol Mercury*, but we believe negotiations have fallen through, the parties being unable to come to terms.

The *Western Daily Mercury* made arrangements with the *Daily Chronicle*, on the outbreak of hostilities between Spain and America, to publish simultaneously the cablegrams received from the *Chronicle's* special war correspondents. This enterprise has resulted in a decided increase in the circulation of the *Western Daily Mercury*. The paper is making splendid headway in the West under the sagacious editorship of Mr. Harry Jones.

A new paper has been started at Yeovil, called the *Leader*. It is a four-page journal, and is published at a halfpenny. The *Leader* is issued on Monday from the office of the *Western Chronicle*. Two editions are issued, one for Yeovil and one for South Somerset.

The *Isle of Wight County Express* is making good progress under the management of Mr. S. J. Russell, who was formerly connected with the *Bridgend Chronicle*. It is the only Liberal paper published in the island.

Mr. D. A. McGillivray has been appointed editor of the *Nottingham Evening News*, in succession to Mr. H. Leach, who has resigned that post in order to engage in literary work in London.

Great interest is being taken at Lincoln in the approaching visit of members of the Institute of Journalists on Thursday, the 1st September, in connection with the annual conference at Nottingham. Arrangements have already been made for parties to be conducted over the Cathedral, the Norman Castle, the picturesque ruins of the Old Bishop's Palace and the various antiquities, and also round some of the great engineering works for which Lincoln is justly noted. The Mayor (Mr. H. Wyatt, J.P.) has offered to provide luncheon for the party.

Mr. F. B. Toplis has left the *Preston Herald* to join the staff of the *Lincoln Leader*. Mr. Toplis will be stationed at Gainsborough.

Changes have recently taken place on the *Examiner* and *Guardian* at Warrington. Mr. Ward, the editor of the *Examiner*, has resigned and gone into other business in the neighbourhood, and has been succeeded by Mr. E. V. Walker, son of the late Mr. John Walker, the proprietor and editor of the paper for many years. On the *Guardian*, Mr. A. Rogers, one of the staff, has gone to Stretford to open a new branch office of the *Western Telegraph* in that place, and has been succeeded by Mr. F. Fennelly, of Altrincham.

Mr. Alexander Webster, reporter, formerly of Aberdeen and latterly of the *Leeds Mercury*, has accepted an appointment on the *Sportsman*.

Mr. Stuart, of Preston, and until recently of the *York Evening Post*, Leeds, has joined the *Bradford Daily Telegraph's* sub-editorial staff.

Mr. Wilkinson, of the *Leeds Daily News*, has been appointed chief sub-editor of the *Birmingham Daily Mail* in succession to Mr. Sample, resigned.

Mr. R. H. Horrobin, assistant sub-editor of the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, has joined the staff of the *Belfast Newsletter*.

Mr. J. B. Cartwright, formerly of Wolverhampton, has received an appointment on the reporting staff of the *Birmingham Daily Mail*.

The death took place a few weeks since of Mr. John Kilbourn, editor of the *Wolverhampton Express and Star*, a gentleman held in high esteem both by journalists and by the public in his locality. Mr. Kilbourn, who was already well known as a contributor to the local press, became more closely associated with journalism about fifteen years ago, when he was appointed editor of the *Walsall Free Press*. Two or three years later he received the Wolverhampton appointment.

Mr. M. T. Ferguson, chief sub-editor of the *Yorkshire Herald*, is about to join the editorial staff of the London *Daily Mail*. Mr. Ferguson, who is a Scotchman, combines high academic attainment with a thorough journalistic experience on both sides of the Border, having served as reporter, sub-editor, and leader-writer. He is an M.A. of the University of Glasgow, where he had the advantage of being numbered amongst the disciples of Lord Kelvin in science, Professor Jebb (now of Cambridge) in classics, and Dr. Edward Caird (now Master of Balliol) in philosophy. In English Literature, which he studied under the late Professor Nichol, Mr. Ferguson stood second in the Final Examination, Senior Division.

NEW BOOKS.

HUXLEY'S MEMOIRS.*

The most enduring monument of a man of science is that of his own rearing, the record of his work. The friends of such an one can do no better service to his memory than by acting the part of Old Mortality and preserving this monument in an accessible form. Already the miscellaneous polemical writings of Dr. Huxley's later years have been collected and edited by himself; but there has long been a desire on the part of many who honour his memory, that those far more important works, upon which his great reputation was based, should be brought together and published in a form worthy of their authorship. A mere catalogue of the titles of papers gives very little information as to the amount and nature of the researches which the papers themselves embody, and as the memoirs written by him are scattered in many different publications, it is not until one scrutinises these as a collected whole that he can really appraise the work and understand the man. Perhaps this is truer in the case of Huxley than in that of most other men of science, for it is by his controversial and less valuable works that he is generally known; whereas the merits of his real scientific researches are such that he would still take a foremost place among British Biologists had he never written a line on other subjects, or strayed in his last years from morphology to polemics.

The present is the first of the four volumes in which it is intended to publish these memoirs, and it contains fifty papers written by him between the years 1845 and 1858, covering the pre-Darwinian period of his scientific activity. Many of these are comparatively small essays dealing with points of minor interest; but, as the editors indicate in the preface, they have all this bearing on his life-work, that in them we can see the origin of some of those general ideas which are now regarded as among the elementary truths of morphological science.

The general impression which a careful study of these papers leaves on the reader is not so much the flavour of the laboratory, but that of the platform. Many a man has done far more drudgery work in research, not knowing or even conjecturing whither it would lead; but here we see that every observation, even when comparatively trivial, is appreciated as if by intuition, and its relation to the general fabric of morphological truth is pointed out. Huxley was essentially a preacher, and each fact is to him a text which he hastens to interpret with phenomenally keen insight. Indeed, some of the best work in this volume is based on the researches of others.

It is interesting to note that his first discovery is in human anatomy, the description of a previously unnoticed sheath of cells around the root of the human hair. This is followed by a series of papers on the material which he collected when he was surgeon to H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, in the Indian and Pacific Oceans. Scarcely any branch of the animal kingdom is neglected; here a jelly fish, there a worm, mollusc or crustacean is described, and the general laws of which its structure is an example are deduced in a clear and masterly manner. His vigorous style and his fertility in illustrating carry one on even in the most obscure of these departments, and one cannot rise from the study of any one of these papers without a clear and comprehensive grasp of the points which he desires to bring out. Interspersed are a number of lectures and essays of more general interest on topics such as, Animal Individuality; The Identity of Structure of Plants and Animals; The Cell Theory; The Common Plan of Animal Forms; Natural History as Knowledge, Discipline and Power, etc. In one of these we find him arguing against the Lamarckian theory of progressive development as then crudely taught. It is suggestive, also, to find him speaking as the old naturalists used to speak, concerning design in nature; and arguing that "if we have a right to conclude from the marks of benevolent design to an infinite Intellect and Benevolence, in some sort similar to our own; then from the existence of a beauty (nay, even of a humour), and of a predominant harmonious variety in unity in nature, which if the work of man would be regarded as the highest art, we are similarly bound to conclude that the æsthetic faculties of the human soul have also been foreshadowed in the Infinite Mind." The last paper given in this volume is his Croonian Lecture on the theory of the vertebrate skull, delivered in 1858, one which the greatest living Comparative Anatomist, Prof. Gegenbaur, aptly characterised as "road-making," and one which, more than any other single work, was the means of overturning the fanciful transcendentalisms which had been the leading features in the system of vertebrate anatomy current during the first half of this century.

Although from the nature of the case most of the papers are too technical to be of very general interest to readers outside the ranks of the students of morphology, yet they stand in marked contrast with the majority of scientific memoirs, as in the highest degree clear and suggestive even to those who are not specially engaged in zoological research. The papers in the volumes yet to come are of even greater importance, as representing the transition between the archetypal and the Darwinian standpoints.

The work is well brought out, clearly and accurately printed, and carefully edited. The spelling of one or two names, such as Du Bois Raymond, and Payer, might have been corrected, but perhaps it was better to leave them as they were in the original.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

* "The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley." Edited by Professors Michael Foster and E. Ray Lankester. Vol. I. (London: Macmillan. 1898. pp. 606. Price 25s.)

FRANCE UNDER THE THIRD REPUBLIC.*

M. de Coubertin, though only thirty-six years old, has long been known as the pioneer of Athletic Education in France. By his copious writings and busy agitation he may perhaps turn out—who knows?—to have done more for his country than her professional politicians. He has repeatedly visited England and America, where he came under the sinister influence of the World's Fair. His revival of the Olympic Games, an idea so Gallic in its sham idealism and so Chicagan in its "mammoth tallness," did much to sap our faith in the genuineness and soundness of the athletic propaganda. His latest labour is a historical work, Olympic in its ambition, but rather Eleusinian in its obscurity, at least in the American translation now before us. This, as the editor of the American *Review of Reviews* informs us in a laudatory introduction, has been "extended and revised" by the author himself, to adapt it to American and English readers. Without comparing the original, one cannot tell whether certain odd remarks about England have been toned down to soothe our susceptibility, or heightened to flatter the jealousy of our dear cousins. Anyhow, they are absurdly wrong. Dr. Shaw is extravagant in his panegyric; the author "is the De Tocqueville of our day"—the one Frenchman living who knows all about America and England. We hope not. Let us take an instance—if one did more than skim the book one might perhaps find a better. On page 128 he says, "a comic act terminated the drama" of the Egyptian Rebellion, and insinuates that our sparing Arabi and "enstalling him at Ceylon," and "screening all his accomplices" proves that he was only our tool. He goes on, "This equivocal conduct gave rise to the thought that Arabi had played traitor, and that a secret compact had been entered into by him and England. Among the English it was a current pleasantry to say that the battle of Tel-el-Kebir had been won by the 'cavalry of St. George.' This was the name which they gave to the gold pieces, worth a pound sterling each, upon which was the effigy of St. George striking down the dragon." The calumny is nothing; but the sententious absurdity is delicious. Does anyone remember this "current pleasantry"? I doubt if any Englishman, in Egypt or at home, ever refers to the St. George on the coins—though it is odd we don't—and certainly the joke would need explaining. Then the last sentence! Why the past tense? Does he mean the sovereign? For whom then is the grave explanation appended? For the French? But most of them know a sovereign when they see one, which is not seldom. Or is it for English readers, who are imperfectly acquainted with their own coinage? The whole passage reminds us of the ancient diatribes against "the truculent Lord Brume and the infimous Sir Pill." On page 109 will be found an equally amusing contrast between the English colonial agent, "prudent and audacious, who lives in a state of lying in wait for a conquest to effect, an advantage to seize, and who," etc., etc., and his French rival, so "negative," so timid, so unenterprising, so correct, and so trammeled by the scrupulosity of the Colonial Office. Yet Dr. Shaw boasts that "the international and comparative cast of mind has come to be as second nature with M. de Coubertin."

* "The Evolution of France under the Third Republic." By Baron P. de Coubertin. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. 10s. 6d. (James Bowden.)

We have been waiting some time for a concise, business-like and unprejudiced history of the Third Empire. We must go on waiting. The present work has some merits. Many of its political reflections are sound and original; the tone is subdued and the estimates of leading statesmen are remarkably fair and judicial. But the narrative is too sketchy and incomplete. Though the author glides over much that is awkward and coolly ignores the rest, he fails to make anything of his evolutionary notion, which is, in fact, pulverised by the events of the present moment.

It is only fair to add that if he could have read Mr. Bodley's new book, his own would probably have been rewritten, if not entirely withdrawn. That book I have been reading again with minute care, and without retracting my regrets at certain infelicities of style, mainly in the Introduction, I cannot but contrast with admiration its careful research, its ripe experience, and its philosophic justness, with M. de Coubertin's somewhat superficial and superfluous work. The latter has probably suffered much in translation, though that hardly accounts for the curious obscurity and inconsequence of some sentences. Whatever the cause, the English—or American—is strangely difficult to follow. We must add that the chapters on the Church and on the Social Question are full of information, and that on Education is extremely valuable. Y. Y.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW NOVEL.*

"Helbeck of Bannisdale" interested us: it neither pleased nor convinced us. It begins in Mrs. Humphry Ward's most unattractive manner, and we settled down for much dull reading. But as we turned the pages we found our attention gripped. Here was passion (unhealthy passion certainly); here was power; here was a moving picture of contemporary manners. We confess that our first impression on closing "Helbeck of Bannisdale" was that Mrs. Humphry Ward had never written so strong a book. But as we took a backward glance over the history we revised our estimate. Examine it carefully, and you will discover that from first to last it rings false, that it is a tissue of contradictions.

Let us examine this Mr. Helbeck of Bannisdale, Mrs. Humphry Ward's gentlemanly fanatic of the new school of Roman Catholicism. Was he a gentleman at all? "The follies, mistakes and defeats of Anglican missions in particular—Helbeck's memory was stored with them. By his own confession he had made a Jesuit friend, departing for the mission, promise to tell him any funny or discreditable tales that could be gathered as to their Anglican rivals in the same region. And while he repeated them for Williams' amusement, he laughed immoderately—he who laughed so seldom." Was that the act of a gentleman? When it came to the testing point he could not even convince himself of the purity of the girl he loved. "*In vain* he scourged himself and the vileness of his own thoughts." Was he a gentleman then? Was he a religious man? He observed all the countless ceremonials of his Church, he fasted and prayed incessantly, but what did he demand of the girl he would marry? Merely a tacit acquiescence in these same hollow ceremonies. Would a truly religious man ask no more than that? In his dealings with Laura he is not the devout Catholic Mrs. Humphry Ward would have us believe, but a backboneless creature, swayed by a breath of passion, whose religion becomes a mockery when brought face to face with the attractions of the flesh.

And Laura? Is she ever true to herself as Mrs. Humphry Ward conceived her? She is presented as an atheist by tradition, not conviction. But tradition could never stand against love. What is to prevent her giving way to Helbeck's wishes? The memory of her father, says Mrs. Humphry Ward. We cannot accept that explanation. She is presented as a girl of refinement. Would such a girl act as Laura does with Hubert Mason? He offers her insult upon insult, but she returns to him again and again. Why? In the end she drowns herself because she feels it is impossible for her to make her lover happy. But it was quite possible. Her reception into his Church was all he wanted, and she had no adequate reason for resistance. Why should she, who believed in anything or nothing, not accept the belief of the man she loved?

The reason of Mrs. Humphry Ward's failure to carry conviction is apparent. She writes as an outsider. She has failed to understand the inner meaning, the extraordinary fascination of the Roman Catholic religion. She has failed to realise its poetry, its overbearing brightness and colour. If Helbeck had been a religious man Laura's little scruples would have been brushed away as chaff before a whirlwind, and there would have been no tragedy. But he was only a slave of some traditional shibboleth. W.

* "Helbeck of Bannisdale." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

TWO BOOKS ON DANTE.*

The four concluding years of Dante's life, spent by him at Ravenna, are perhaps the period of the "world-worn" poet's history which we contemplate with most satisfaction. True, his visions of a regenerated world, in which faction and self-seeking should have no place, and every man should be able to dwell in security under the just sway of a universal monarch ruling in perfect concord with a purified Church—these had vanished. Even the prospect of returning to Florence must have seemed very remote, though we may suppose that the exile never wholly abandoned all hope in that direction. Of the details of his life at Ravenna little enough is recorded, but we know at least that he was at rest after fifteen years of wandering, protected by an enlightened patron, employed now and then in affairs of state, honoured by a younger generation of literary men, and had, as it would seem, laid aside the "saeva indignatio" of earlier years. Also we can tell with some certainty which of his works were written during these years of tranquillity. Lastly, the story of his remains, from the day when they were laid in the tomb by Guy of Polenta to that on which, after having disappeared from human ken for nearly two centuries, they were brought to light just in time to take their place in the celebrations of 1865, affords a subject for an interesting chapter. Out of these materials an Italian scholar, Signor Corrado Ricci, constructed some years ago a bulky and handsome volume of "L'ultimo Rifugio di Dante," which has served Miss Phillimore as a quarry for a volume more modest in dimensions, but quite sufficient in that respect, if it had been otherwise satisfactory, to meet the requirements of the English reader. Unfortunately the book shows signs of insufficient acquaintance with Dante's works. A Latin treatise is constantly referred to by an Italian name, an Italian line is quoted as "appearing" in a Latin poem, and the like. We doubt indeed if Miss Phillimore has any first-hand knowledge either of the treatise "De Vulgari Eloquentia," and the language in which it is written, or of the Eclogues; or she would hardly say that "the quotation [whatever that may mean] from chapter vii. of the first book of the 'Volgare Eloquio' runs parallel with the chapter in 'Rhetoric' 'Of the Becoming in Style'" (with a reference to "Aristotle's 'Rhetoric,' c. vii."); or translate *rithimus de propria cantionis arte non est*, by "rhymes do not properly belong to a canzone"; or accept "Frison bands" as a satisfactory rendering of *Phrygias damas*. Even more amazing is the confusion she has got into over the name Iolas, or "Jolas," as she writes it, bestowed by Dante in his Eclogues on his patron the Lord of Ravenna. It is, of course, merely a Virgilian pastoral name, like Tityrus and Mopsus, the names borne by Dante himself and his correspondent in these playful poems. It also occurs in the Æneid as the name of a perfectly obscure follower of Æneas. Miss Phillimore assumes a special friendship between this "walking gentleman" and the Trojan hero; "but," she continues, "there was also, though Dante was unaware of it, an element of prophecy in the comparison. The lines of the 'Æneid' relate of Jolas—"; and she proceeds to quote from Dryden four lines relating how the personage in question had been expelled from his palaces. Now Guy of Polenta was expelled, or rather barred, out of Ravenna after Dante's death, and herein lies the "prophecy." But we can show a better. In *Virgil* the lines in question relate to a person named Æolus; the insertion of the name Iolas here seems to have been due to *Dryden*. If Dante called Guy of Polenta "Iolas" because he foresaw that Dryden would hereafter blunder that name into a passage of Virgil meant for some one else, but applicable more or less to Guy's circumstances—well, he certainly attained, as the poet says, or should have said, to "*something like* prophetic strain." It is a pity that a well-intentioned and in some respects painstaking book should

* "Dante at Ravenna." By Catherine Mary Phillimore. 6s. (Elliot Stock.)
"Dante's Ten Heavens." By Edmund Gardner. 12s. (Constable.)

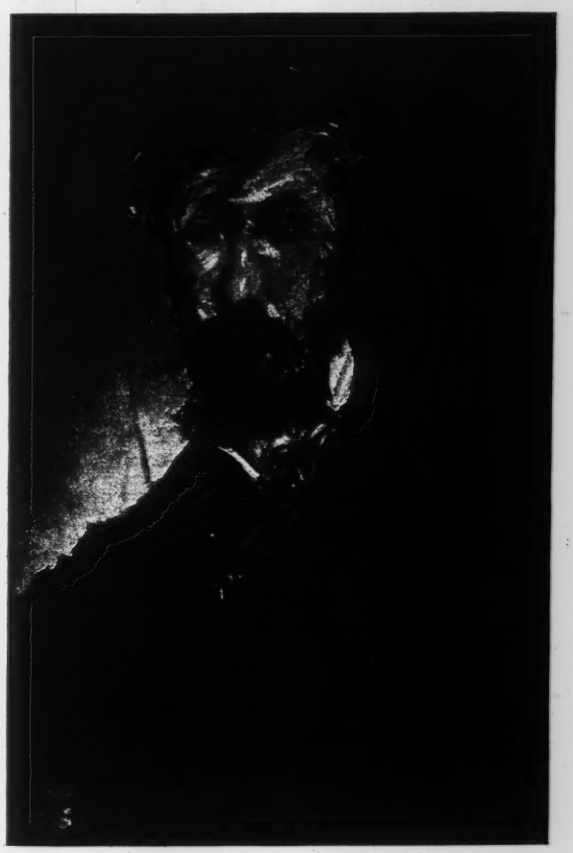
have been spoilt by neglect of what one would have thought the obvious preliminaries to undertaking any work of the kind.

Mr. Gardner's work is one of the most solid and in a sense one of the most original that the study of Dante has produced in England for a long time. As he truly says, "the closest students of Dante are usually agreed in ranking the *Paradiso* highest of the three parts of the Divine Comedy." It is at the same time undoubtedly the most obscure; and a connected study of it will be welcomed by all who wish to get a good general survey of it before proceeding to a minuter perusal. Mr. Gardner does not trouble himself with the details of the text. There are many *cruces* of reading and interpretation in the course of the *cantica*, which the industrious student will find out all in good time. On the other hand, the general structure is simple enough, and the doctrines expounded not really very abstruse, when once the terminology has been mastered. After all, Dante's ultimate master in philosophy was Aristotle, and Aristotle is as a rule the clearest and most "common-sense" of thinkers. Of course there is a strain of mysticism imported by the Schoolmen; but even in respect of this it is generally possible to see what Dante is driving at. Where there is obscurity, it is often because he is, after the fashion of his time, appropriating the thought or the language, or both, of some earlier teacher, so that to be quite clear as to his meaning we need the original context. Mr. Gardner has therefore very rightly gone to such authors as may be supposed to have specially influenced Dante's thought and expression in this part of the poem—St. Bernard, the so-called "Dionysius," St. Thomas Aquinas, Richard of St. Victor—and collected from them illustrative passages. He has also paid much attention to the point in which Dante's greatness as a poet is specially manifested, the unobtrusive yet subtle art with which in a few lines of the highest poetic feeling introduced at various points where a fresh stage of the action is about to commence, he contrives to tune the emotions of his reader to the mood which will best adapt him to receive what is coming. A good instance of Mr. Gardner's treatment is at the beginning of his third chapter, where he discusses the grand opening of Canto X.

Not the least valuable part of the book is to be found in the concluding chapter, on Dante's Letters. As to the genuineness of these, Mr. Gardner takes the sane and sensible view, midway between the credulity which accepts everything ascribed to Dante by the non-criticism of the Cinquecento, and the "superior" view which doubts of everything which has not title-page and imprint. On the Eclogues Mr. Gardner writes what we take to be the first English appreciation of those charming "recreations," which, as we have indicated above, show a playful side to Dante's nature which otherwise one might hardly have suspected, and enable us to part with him, as one may say, with a pleasant taste in the mouth. But how can Dante be said to appear in them "as the father of modern pastoral poetry"? In spite of their un-Virgilian diction, their spirit and even their rhythm is Virgilian to the core. They have always struck us as the most poetical production of mediæval Latin; but their poetry is far more an echo of the past than a type of the future. A. J. BUTLER.

EVELYN INNES.*

When Sir Owen, the artistic baronet, begins Evelyn's education seriously in Paris, one of his first lessons is in Balzac. "There is a vulgarity," he says to her, "about those who don't know Balzac; we, his worshippers, recognise in each other a refinement of sense and a peculiar comprehension of life. We are beings apart; we are branded with the seal of that great mind. You should hear us talk among ourselves." Further, he says "that each of Balzac's fifty-two volumes is a masterpiece." Now, Mr. Moore's general methods in fiction do not forbid us to infer that through Sir Owen's mouth he is expressing his own views; at all events, this personage does express views which Mr. Moore has uttered in his own name. Such Balzacian fanaticism one would hesitate to attribute to him were it not that his manner of working here and elsewhere convicts him of it. For a dilettante baronet blind fanaticism is of no consequence. But when one of the writing-craft forgets that the honour due to such an incomparable searcher of the human mind must be discriminate in order to be worthy, the case is serious, for imitation is bound to follow. And it so happens that only Balzac's weaknesses can be imitated—his formlessness, his unjustified and unforgiveable *longueurs*, his unrelieved monotony of manner. The admiration for the master's genius has given to the native defects and misfortunes of Mr. Moore's talent the shelter and encouragement of a great name. Mr. Moore is sometimes reputed to be a dangerous writer; but if he sins, he does not sin lightly or insinuatingly. Let that be counted to his credit where it may. He admires many French things; and has learnt some part of his craft in a French school. Yet never Englishman was so deadly serious, in manner at least. There is not a smile anywhere in "Evelyn Innes," not a vivacious movement, not an unconsidered word. But surely he must drive the most unsympathetic reader to unstinted admiration of the work he puts into his books. When one compares the quantity and the quality with that which contents most of our novelists, one is filled with the highest respect. His ideal is that every character should be quite completely presented, from the inner recesses of his soul



MR. GEORGE MOORE.
(From a painting by Manet. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Walter Scott, Ltd.)

to the shape of his boots; that of every opinion held by his personages he should be the historian and interpreter, capable of writing a leading article on it; that every scene should have the local definiteness of modern stage directions; that every street or house should be precisely entered in a full catalogue or inventory. And he hardly falls short of that ideal. With magnificent patience and honest, slogging endeavour is his task pulled through. When he has to "get up" a subject he does so without flimsiness. This latest novel, for instance, should be a mine of interest to students of the older music and to admirers of Mr. Dolmetsch. His Wagner criticism is able and suggestive, and, of course, very timely at the present moment. Unquestionably he has a rare and admirable respect for his work.

About the result there will be much difference of opinion. To me his manner and method are unpleasing and the abnegation of all art, and I feel it much more in "Evelyn Innes" than in "Esther Waters," where the form and temper were more Flaubertian—and Flaubert, if a "little master," is a safer guide for Mr. Moore than Balzac, who tempts him to long-windedness. But still he has only exaggerated the course which his kind of temperament, his quality of vision, must have forced him to

* "Evelyn Innes." By George Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)

take. At his best he is an unsurpassed photographer, and as such should he be judged. Monsignor and his surroundings, the Wimbledon convent, the intense and rather shabby audience at Mr. Innes' concerts, are masterpieces of the camera. Only, when he is forced to alter some important circumstance of his scenes and sitters, he blunders. The book is in some degree a *roman à clèf*. Ulick Dean will be widely recognised. The *convenances* demand that some veil should be thrown over his identity, and Mr. Moore makes him a musician. He is not "transposed" enough. What has a musician to do with all those interesting imaginings and philosophies?

And Evelyn? Sir Owen told her she was "intensely Balzacian." Very likely. The creator of Eugénie Grandet might have made her comprehensible. Nothing could be more detailed and more superficially definite than her history as given by Mr. Moore. But she is a blur to one careful reader at least. At the beginning she lives a shabby and obscure life, without ambition, though she knows she has a great voice. Then she agrees to a *liaison* with Sir Owen, a little for love perhaps, not a little for fine clothes and fine living, and a little for the sake of her voice. Sir Owen gives her rationalistic instruction, which does not enter deep into her system. She becomes a great singer of great parts—Isolde, Kundry, Brünnhilde. Then she falls under the more spiritual influence of Ulick, but his mysticism does not satisfy her. Then, with a thought to her soul, she gives up the stage in the midst of her triumph. In her convent retreat we think her fate is settled at last. But no; she comes out into the world again quite aimless. What is she meant to be? One leaves her with the idea that she was very stupid—but stupid as are those sensitivists on whom scientific hypnotists experiment most successfully. Yet we gather that Mr. Moore had some other intention in presenting her—that to him she was a personality. Something has missed. His nervous subject fidgeted under the fire of the camera.

A. M.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LITERARY OPINIONS.*

How far is one entitled, after conversation with a great man, to transmit his opinions to paper and to publish them at his death? That is a question which Mr. Lionel Tollemache's "Talks with Mr. Gladstone" undoubtedly raises. Mr. Tollemache met Mr. Gladstone at some dozen or so dinner parties, and while the two avoided politics, they discussed many interesting literary questions. That Mr. Tollemache within a few days of Mr. Gladstone's death should have burst upon the country with a book about the great statesman has a little touch of modernity, which we should hardly have expected from the author of "Safe Studies" and "Stones of Stumbling." Both those books were privately circulated for years, and were given away by Mr. Tollemache to literary friends. They made known to the few the fact that their author had a keenly critical intellect and a remarkable memory. His account of conversations with Mark Pattison and others made delightful reading. It is to him we owe that story of Pattison on his deathbed, handling some of his favourite books and wondering if he would have them with him in Heaven.

Mr. Tollemache, it is well to add here, is a son of John Tollemache, who represented different divisions of Cheshire in Parliament for thirty-one years, and who was created a peer in 1876, and he is the brother of the present Lord Tollemache.

How far, however, one asks, was Mr. Tollemache entitled to reproduce these conversations and to publish this book? The *Westminster Gazette*, usually sufficiently capable in its criticism, calls in question his taste and judgment in the matter. To me this seems to be almost an approach to cant, the more particularly when I think of the thousands of columns of far too intimate matter that were written about Mr. Gladstone while he was on his deathbed—and afterwards—by every London paper. Mr. Tollemache has simply given us Mr. Gladstone's opinions concerning Scott, George Eliot, and other writers, opinions which might have been proclaimed on the house-tops. There is scarcely, I imagine, a line in this book which Mr. Gladstone would not have willingly seen published. I am quite sure that there were many lines in the *Westminster Gazette* and in other journals at the time of his death, minute reports of death-chamber incidents and so on, which he would have profoundly deprecated.

There is the less objection to Mr. Tollemache's "Talks" in that the revelation of Mr. Gladstone is one which, on the whole, his admirers will be glad to see. It is, of course, to be regretted that he could not appreciate Mr. Meredith's novels, and that he stuck in the middle of "Diana of the Crossways," but the fact that he recognised Emily Brontë was a great poet, and that George Eliot was *not*, may stand against that in our minds in behalf of his critical judgment.

It is charming, again, to meet Mr. Gladstone in his enthusiasm for Sir Walter Scott. A young lady at a dinner described Scott as "dull," and said she got more pleasure from Thackeray and George Eliot. Mr. Gladstone got almost angry when she expressed a belief in the individuality of Maggie Tulliver as against any of Scott's heroines. Scott's queens seemed to her, she said, to be a child's notions of a queen, and to have nothing distinctive. "What, does he make no difference between Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth?" he asked, indignantly, as he might well ask. The suggestion that there is no difference in Scott's female characters, that there are not wide gulfs between Die Vernon, Jeannie Deans, Mary of Scotland, and so on, is to be guilty of a parrot cry that has no critical faculty behind it. Carlyle, it is true, said much the same thing, but Carlyle had no capacity whatever for judging imaginative literature. Over and over again in these pages we are introduced to Scott, and it is always something sound and judicious that Mr. Gladstone has to say on the subject. In order of interest his favourite novels were "Kenilworth" and "The Bride of Lammermuir," and next in order "Ivanhoe," "Old Mortality," and "Waverley." He thought that after these came "Rob Roy" and "Guy Mannering." He pronounced Mr. R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, as the leading English critic since Matthew Arnold's death. That, of course, was but an individual judgment; there were a dozen critics at the time equal or superior to Mr. Hutton, but Mr. Hutton was frequently a good critic, and the judgment is, at any rate, interesting. He thought Manzoni's "Ode on the Death of Napoleon" was superior to Byron's, which, indeed, he pronounced a failure. Incidentally we are told that Wellington was in favour of having Napoleon shot. Mr. Gladstone declined to regard Shelley as "a one-sided man of genius," because, as he said, dying young he never quite "broke loose from the egg-shell." He rated Huxley lower than Romanes. That, of course, was theological prejudice, and Mr. Gladstone's opinions do not make as good reading where men of science are concerned as when he is discussing men of letters.

It is often said that Mr. Gladstone never made any phrases that will live. Mr. Tollemache, however, comes to his defence in this particular, and reminds us that a lot of phrases of Mr. Gladstone's that are not usually associated with him were really of his creation, as, for example, "Prosperity advancing by leaps and bounds," turning the Turks out "bag and baggage," "Within the range of practical politics," and the division of the population into "the classes and the masses." He expressed himself with unbounded admiration of one of Ruskin's magnificently analytical sentences, and he called Mill "the saint of rationalism." He, apparently, knew very little about Lord Lytton's novels, and much surprised Mr. Tollemache by showing he did not know who was so picturesquely described as "The Last of the Barons." He did not share the enthusiasm for Jane Austen, and described her as "parochial," while Scott was "world-historical." On the other hand, he had a great appreciation of Miss Ferrier's "Inheritance."

Mr. Gladstone is particularly interesting in treating of the Revised Translation of the Bible. He said he had advised the translators to bring out at an early stage a few specimens of their work, and the translators utterly refused to let their unfinished work be treated in this way. "They laughed me to scorn," said Mr. Gladstone, "and the result has been that the revised version died almost at its birth."

He spoke very humanly and reasonably about the Laureateship. He did not propose a successor to Tennyson, because he did not consider that there was anyone of sufficient standing to receive the post, by far the greatest of our English poets being practically out of the running. This, of course, was Mr. Swinburne, and everyone will agree that Mr. Gladstone was right as to the others, although why Mr. Swinburne should be out of the running is not quite clear. Many of us, indeed, have a strong conviction that he would have accepted it if it had been urged upon him, as it ought to have been.

Mr. Gladstone had once held an amiable conversation with Carlyle at Mentone, and he was, therefore, amazed when, in Froude's "Life," he found he was treated very contemptuously.

* "Talks with Mr. Gladstone." By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. 6s. (Edward Arnold.

That, of course, could easily be explained by the fact that Carlyle was a man of quick and changing emotions, and the sentiment of one moment was not the sentiment of another. It was only Froude's abominable theories of writing biography that made it possible to print such things as were printed in Carlyle's "Life" concerning the people he had met.

From all this it will be seen that in this scrappy volume there is much good matter, and that there is, above all, a very marked enhancement of Mr. Gladstone's reputation as a critic of literature. It has been said that his admiration for Homer and Dante was no sign of literary taste, and that he cared little for the more approachable writers of the modern world apart from Scott, except only those who were given over to cheap notoriety and clap-trap attempts at advertisement. Many there were who regretted this limitation of his very wide and catholic nature, but how much wider and more catholic were his tastes, we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Tollemache for having taught us.

CLEMENT SHORTER.

CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS.*

In his unusually instructive volume on "The Continuity of Christian Thought," Professor Allen many years ago proved his competence for the task which the editors of the International Theological Library have assigned him. To furnish a trustworthy account of Christian Institutions, a firm grasp of the history of the Church is requisite, and no one will deny to Professor Allen the power of discriminating between what is vital and what is indifferent in the vicissitudes of that history, and of perceiving the relation and the significance of the various manifestations of Christian thought and life. In order more conveniently to handle the mass of material which he is called to arrange and to explain, he divides his subject into three parts —the organisation, the creeds, and the worship of the Church. To the first of these he devotes half the volume, and gives a well-informed and impartial survey of the growth of the Episcopate, and of the history of opinion regarding it. His remarks upon the government of the Church as revealed in the epistles of St. Paul lose force owing to his acceptance without discussion of one particular theory of the authenticity and date of the New Testament writings. He finds that "presbyters" are not mentioned expressly and by name in these epistles, but that in the second generation the presbyter is the dominating official. But he rejects the theory of Lightfoot that the episcopate was formed out of the presbyterate by elevation, for according to Dr. Allen, who adopts Harnack's opinion, "bishop" and "presbyter" from the first stood for distinct functions, and while they may seem to be used interchangeably, the distinction always existed underneath the apparent identity. It cannot be said that he makes good this contention, and he admits that the picture of Church government in primitive times is necessarily incomplete.

The Creeds are viewed in relation to their roots in the growing intelligence of the Church, and the modification of the doctrines of the Atonement and the Person of Christ is suggestively explained. In the third division of the treatise the worship of the Church is traced to its principles; and the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper under their various forms and in their multifarious connections with Christian life and thought are satisfactorily discussed. The ground covered is thus extensive, and it is not surprising that omissions are to be found. The Church itself, in its origin and idea, receives no notice; it is not even a title in the somewhat meagre index. The Lord's Day, which is among the most notable of Christian institutions, is dismissed in one or two sentences. Confirmation is only alluded to in a note, and the priesthood, which some Churches consider the essential feature of the Church's life, receives only scant and casual treatment. Professor Allen's account of the basis on which St. Paul rested his claim to apostolic authority is misleading, and here and there statements occur which it might be difficult to substantiate. But as a whole the volume is worthy of a place in the International Library; it is learned and never dull, full of selected information rendered intelligible and significant by the penetrating remarks of one who is familiar with the facts of Church-history, and has deeply pondered its meaning and its development.

MARCUS DODS.

* "Christian Institutions." By Alexander V. G. Allen, D.D., Cambridge, U.S.A. International Theological Library. 12s. (T. and T. Clark.)

THE ADMIRAL.*

We do not quite see why Mr. Sladen should case himself in armour of proof and profess to be "prepared for much censure and acrimonious discussion," least of all over his special contention, "that a novel dealing with the character of Nelson ought above all things to be a human document." We imagine most people will be willing to accept his contention, though they may shrug their shoulders a little at the difficulty of carrying it out. But Mr. Sladen has carried it out himself; he has acted up to his own principles; and whether or not everybody agrees with him in finding Nelson "the most intensely human figure in History," at least everybody, or nearly everybody, finds him an intensely interesting figure, and will be grateful to Mr. Sladen for the opportunity of sharing the fruits of his research regarding a national hero. As to the authenticity of the hitherto unpublished Nelsoniana, we leave it to experts to pronounce *ex cathedra* opinions. Whatever be the value of the new material, there is no doubt that Mr. Sladen offers us a sympathetic study of Nelson's character. He is not quite the hero of popular convention. The traditional Nelson would not have written just these journals. But Mr. Sladen's Nelson assuredly would; and very possibly Mr. Sladen's Nelson is the true one. We, at least, are not inclined to enter into "acrimonious discussion" on the subject. A man's character,

From Photo by [*London Stereoscopic Co.*

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

especially studied under the influence of his strongest emotions, is too elusive a subject for dogmatism. And in any case it appears to us that it is not so much on Nelson's character that Mr. Sladen casts his improved search-light, but rather on Lady Hamilton's. As represented in this work, she seems to hold the key of the situation in her adorable but unworthy hand. She shows herself as a woman more charming than estimable, fascinating, but frail, of no great depth or tenacity of feeling, and deficient in moral sense. Her marvellous beauty, her intense femininity, her clinging and affectionate disposition, her gaiety and wit, combined to give her an irresistible charm, which the grave flaw in her character easily made a fatal one. Her influence over Nelson is not explained by her intellectual force, remarkable as that was. It lay simply in the magic of her personality, and is just as much or just as little capable of analysis as any other love affair. And Mr. Sladen apparently accepts it so. In thus making a novel of the Nelson-Hamilton episode he simply writes a love-story. It so happens that it is a true one, and that we already know something of the persons concerned. Therefore we read it with a closer attention, and find many things interesting which in mere fiction would have been out of place. Possibly it would have been but a dull story if the characters had been imaginary. But then they are not imaginary; and taking the book as it stands, as a study of a set of well-known and much-discussed circumstances, we find it an interesting and an excellent piece of work, and congratulate Mr. Sladen on the admirable use to which he has put the results of his investigations.

* "The Admiral." By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

SONGS OF ACTION.*

The qualities essential to the popular singer of the half-hour that is with us, are all here. Not even Mr. Kipling can better catch the rhythm of rough riding or marching tunes. Mr. Doyle's ballads all suggest tunes, well-known ones, tunes that keep your feet in step and your head from thinking, tunes to be bawled when sea-waves are deafening, tunes to whose time you would still obediently spur your horse when a day with the hounds had reduced you to a mechanically moving mass of physical health and exhausted sensation. What comforting music for the sincere sportsman in this!—

"Christopher Davis was up upon Mavis,
And Sammy MacGregor on Flo,
Jo Chancey rode Spider, the rankest outsider,
But *he'd* make a wooden horse go."

Such rhyming is not to be sneered at. It is made after an instinctive pattern. A good many people make it to the motion of a railway train in the night—though they don't print the results; it is a natural habit of children; and "Hey diddle diddle" is immortal. Mr. Doyle has had other models, good ones some of them, and his imitations are highly creditable. There are spirited echoes of Macaulay's Lays. There are soldiers' ballads of the sort that Davis found effective in stirring the blood of Young Ireland, though none so excellent as "Oh, for a steed." There are ditties for all those who find the country a fine place to be restless in. And there are one or two songs of genuine and restrained pathos. "A Forgotten Tale," with its suggestion of the gravities of war as seen by a peasant who had other things to do than watch the army,

"Tending on the lambing ewe
Down among the clover,"

enters surely the domain of poetry. Alas, it has no fame beside "The Song of the Bow," the "Ballad of the Ranks," and "The Farnshire Cup"!

There is no question but that, if Mr. Kipling be first favourite with the soldiers, Mr. Doyle should be their laureate's lieutenant, and that huntsmen and golfers should have his songs in their hearts and upon their lips. But soldiers and sailors are proverbially unaccountable in their tastes in verse and music, and sportsmen may be equally so. There is one class, however, whose favour is to be won by clear and certain means, and who are not fickle. Given good rhyme, an easily determined rhythm, a story of undoubted pluck or obvious pathos, along with unexceptionable sentiments, and the provincial reciters are a sure *clientèle*. Mr. Doyle has caught them in "Pennarby Mine" and "The Dying Whip," and they will keep fresh his name and fame. But there is a line below which the singer of the evident should not fall, and

"Who carries the gun?
A lad from a Midland shire.
Then let him go, for well we know
He comes of an English sire,"

contains an inference so safe as to be perilous to the gravity of the most patriotic of audiences.

PIONEERS.†

Quite recently we heard a usually amiable schoolgirl burst into sudden wrath at the mention of Mr. H. M. Stanley. "It's a shame of these explorers to go on so," she said, with all the emphasis of her fourteen years. "They're just making Africa as hard as Europe, and it used to be so nice and empty." The next generation of schoolgirls are like to find it harder still, at the present rate of discovery. Every new map of Africa is more thickly sprinkled with names than the last. Serried ranks of print blacken the outlines, new groups of type take up positions in the interior, even the whilom solitary outposts in the Sahara Desert have now neighbours within hail.

Yet a glance at the vast vacancy of Mr. Fitzgerald's maps is enough to show us that there is still room for the pioneer. Africa is bigger than we think, and if our maps seem crowded it is because of the smallness of their scale. Mr. Fitzgerald, with his four miles to an inch, stretches our conceptions considerably. Of his own explorations in the British East African coast lines from Mombasa to Port Durnford and in the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, this enemy of schoolgirls gives very complete and interesting details. The immediate purpose of his journey was to examine into the agricultural capabilities of the country for the information of the directors of the late Imperial British East Africa Company, by whom he was employed. In writing his account he devotes himself chiefly and very properly to his special business in hand, and discourses of soils and seasons, of crops and products, of the mysteries of climatology and the difficulties of the local labour questions. But he relates his own adventures by the way, and describes the manners and customs of primitive humanity as it is still to be found, in pristine simplicity, in the neighbourhood of the Sabaki river. The general reader will find snippets and snatches of pleasant reading in the book, but the intending settler will find it an invaluable guide and help, for Mr. Fitzgerald not merely insists on the enormous and as yet undeveloped possibilities of the country, but gives useful practical advice to aid the emigrant in turning them to best advantage.

Mr. Lionel Decle covered part of the same ground as Mr. Fitzgerald, and a good deal more a few hundred miles further south. He enlarges neither on climatology nor agriculture, but tells his story in faultless English, though with something of a French manner. To speak the truth, his narrative is somewhat discouraging. Misfortunes seem to have pursued him continually. Bogs, breakages, and Boers are the burden of his tale of woe. It is gratifying, however, to learn that Her Majesty's subjects were always kind-hearted and agreeable. He insists loudly on British excellence. Mr. Stanley's not over cordial preface is simply a *resumé* of the book. No one needs to read both, and of the two Mr. Decle's is the more lively. He has a graphic style, and many of his observations on political situations are shrewd and striking.

Mr. Austin Freeman specialises in flora and fauna, though he does not neglect the natives and their ways. We have heard a good deal one way and another about the Gold Coast, but there is a great deal here that is both new and delightful. And the book is one whose very appearance tempts the reader. Its print and binding are the perfection of elegance. It is a pleasure merely to look at it and turn the leaves.

To pass at one bound from Africa to Formosa and thence to Klondyke is a considerable feat of "landlouping," but Mr. Pickering and Mr. Secretan are such lively people that agility is easy in their company. Mr. Pickering keeps the personal interest well to the front, and there is almost as much dialogue in his book as in some novels. He has plenty of information to give us, however, for Formosa is a comparatively fresh field, and the aborigines are not the familiar type of savage. On the subject of queues he gets quite racy. "The pigtail," he quaintly observes, "is most useful in catching thieves." It appears to be also of great service in Chinese warfare, which seems to consist largely in running away. One picks up knowledge pleasantly with Mr. Pickering. He puts no severe strain upon the attention, but keeps his reader in good humour all along.

Mr. Secretan is less serious. He puts his solid matter into an appendix, and devotes the main part of his book to a breezy, serio-comic description of his journey to Klondyke and back. His imperturbable good nature and faculty for seeing the comical side of everything must have stood him in good stead on the journey, where trials to the temper, as well as to the physique, are neither few nor small. He is not an enthusiast on the subject of the Yukon goldfields. The gold is there, but he seems inclined to advise people to leave it there. The game is not worth the candle. As for Dawson City, he says, "a man with human instincts had but one desire, and that was to get away as far and as fast as possible."

RECOLLECTIONS.*

These books of recollections have been written in fulfilment of obligations. The writers owe to us less favoured persons some record of their unusual opportunities. They

* "Songs of Action." By A. Conan Doyle. 5s. (Smith, Elder.)

† "Travels in British East Africa, Zanzibar and Pemba." By W. W. A. Fitzgerald. (Chapman and Hall.)
"Three Years in Savage Africa." By Lionel Decle. 21s. (Methuen and Co.)
"Travels and Life in Ashanti and Jaman." By R. Austin Freeman. 21s. (A. Constable and Co.)
"Pioneering in Formosa." By W. A. Pickering, C.M.G. 16s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
"To Klondyke and Back." By J. H. E. Secretan, C.E. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

* "Auld Lang Syne." By the Right Hon. Professor F. Max Müller. With a Portrait. 10s. 6d. (Longmans.)
"Notes from a Diary—1873-1881." By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. 2 vols. 18s. (J. Murray.)
"Collections and Recollections." By One who has kept a Diary. 12s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

have "known everybody," as the saying is—at least all the recognised, dignified celebrities of the last forty or fifty years. Dr. Max Müller has trusted to his memory; yet where his jottings are about anything of interest, they are not vague in essentials, though a little over-smoothened by his general determination to say only good-natured things. His stories, new and old, are good. Only the reflective and argumentative passages, and all such as are not narrative, betray how hastily and lightly the book has been written. Bulwer Lytton's "Coming Race" is not so unknown that *Vril* need be elaborately explained. And though the learned Professor writes English with astonishing fluency and correctness, perhaps one or two of the things that puzzle us in so simple a book may be put down to the inevitable limitations of an alien born—his habit, for instance, of seriously combating a paradox or an obvious exaggeration uttered in jest. For that he is not wanting in humour is abundantly proved.

Of the musicians, the men of letters, the royal personages, and the beggars, who provide the matter, the second are the most fruitful in good stories—though the godson of Weber, who had likewise the honour of being counselled by Mendelssohn to give up music save as a recreation, has much of interest to say concerning the musical world of nearly half a century ago. But some of the best things in the literary chapters are quite non-literary in origin—that, for instance, of his tobacconist neighbour in Paris during the February revolution, an *aristo*, who satisfied the revolutionists and his own sense of humour by writing beneath his sign, *Aux trois blagues*, the fashionable words, *Liberté, egalité, fraternité.* Professor Max Müller has gone through life ever with an eye for the fun of the situation, even when it had a doleful side. After he had devoted a whole lecture to disposing of the idea that Hebrew was the source of every tongue, an imposing old lady thanked him for his beautiful address. "How delightful it is to know," she said, "that Adam and Eve spoke Hebrew in Paradise, and that all the other languages of the world, English not excepted, have come out of Hebrew and out of Paradise!" But Macaulay as an audience was not much more satisfactory. The historian had asked the Oriental scholar to call on him and discuss the new regulations for the Indian Civil Service. Müller went primed with facts in support of the necessity of Eastern studies, but he never had a chance of putting in a word during the hour that Macaulay disserted breathlessly on the perfect adequacy of English for all Governmental purposes in India. When the historian had talked himself out, he courteously thanked his suppressed visitor for the useful information he had given him!

The second book, a continuation of the record of which the first part was given to us a year or so ago, is a more systematic affair. The diary form is adhered to, and one is hardly conscious that the book contains only extracts. It is a reflection of a many-sided career, of a nature to which nothing human—provided that it be likewise dignified and cultivated—is alien. From thence spring its charm and its weakness. The journal was used for jotting down bits of stray information, the names of travelling companions, visitors, fellow-guests at social functions, subjects of conversations, brief descriptions of scenery, scraps of botany, notes of political events, stories, jokes, quotations that had impressed the writer, and even riddles that stuck in his memory. There is a great deal of serious trifling; there are many trivial and many dull entries. But taken as a whole it makes an interesting, readable, and unusually panoramic book. It is also, we have found, eminently unquotable. But Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff is an excellent *raconteur*, when he has found the right material. He never spoils a good story. Here are one or two bright things from his collection. Some one said to D'Orsay of his wife, "Elle a de l'espirit." "Elle a nos phrases," was his answer. He tells one of the best of all the diplomatic stories. The Danish Prime Minister said to the French envoy, who was asking that the little kingdom should support France in the war with Prussia, "If France is by any chance defeated, she has a great deal to fall back upon, but we risk our all." "C'est vrai," said the other, "mais après tout, c'est si peu de chose." Here is a *mot* of Guizot's. Some one remarked in his presence that the *Times* could not be bought. "Oh! le *Times* est impayable," was his answer. Now for the turn of English wit. It was maintained at Lewes's one evening that everybody had written a tragedy. "Yes," said Lewes, "every one, even Herbert Spencer." "Ah!" interposed Huxley, "I know what the catastrophe would be—an induction killed by a fact."

The title of "Collections and Recollections" suggests the variation of the third book from the others. Mr. Russell has also known and conversed with many interesting people; but he does not trust to his own experiences alone. Family traditions, other people's memories, newspapers and books, have helped him to his pictures and stories of statesmen, men of letters, and obscurer persons no less fruitful in anecdote. Lest we should mislead, let us assure possible readers that his book contains consecutive accounts of men and things which are important contributions to the history of the century. But we do it no wrong in regarding it mainly as a collection of excellent stories. In that respect the other two cannot compete with it. A chuckle must run through the wide circle of its readers when they learn that the Duke of Wellington once refused to accept the dedication of a song by Mrs. Norton "because, in his situation as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, he had been *much exposed to authors.*" Will a shudder run through a smaller circle at this? "To a company of enthusiastic Wordsworthians who were deploring their master's confession that he got drunk at Cambridge, Mr. Shorthouse, the accomplished author of 'John Inglesant,' soothingly remarked that, 'in all probability, Wordsworth's standard of intoxication was miserably low.'" The stories of the famous late Master of Trinity—of whom it was said, "He casteth forth his ice like morsels. Who is able to abide his frost?"—are not all new; but they are all good. Indeed, Mr. Russell's academic collection is excellent. Amongst them may be numbered Sherbrooke's reply to the advocate of modern studies who said, "I have the greatest contempt for Aristotle." "But not that contempt which familiarity breeds, I should imagine," said Sherbrooke. When our collector culls from open sources, he culls fastidiously and with success. But why did he add a comment to this?—"The great-niece of a Lord Chamberlain to King George III. requires a situation as Companion to a lady, or Cicerone to young ladies. Her mind is highly cultivated. *English habits and Parisian accent.* Apply, etc."

A FRENCH VIEW OF CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH ART.*

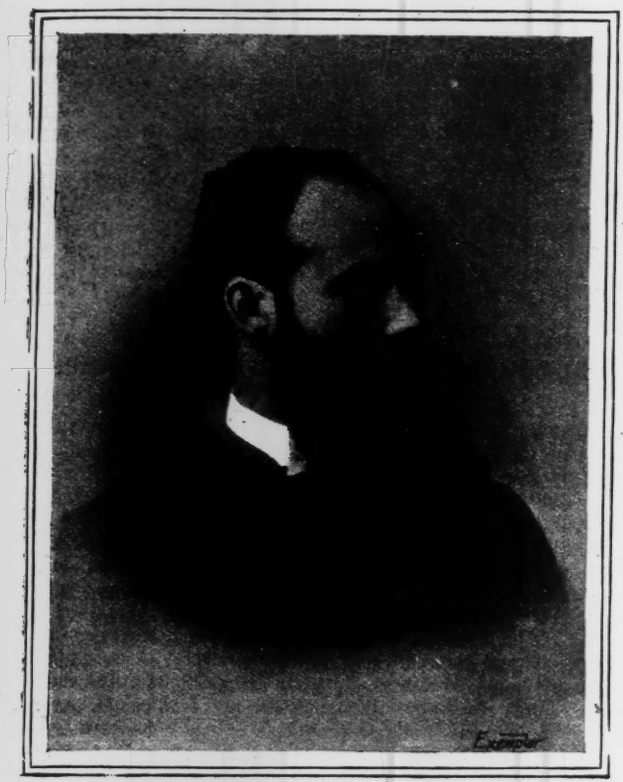
The translation of such a book is a downright misfortune. The one thing that can be said for it is that it contains a fairly good popular account of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, but we have had better ones. For the rest, it is incomplete, inaccurate, misleading, and, for all its fulsomeness of compliment, unjust. It selects, as types and as forces, seven painters, all of them, with one exception, masters, who have certainly achieved much, but not one of whom can be called a living influence at this moment. It ignores at least twenty strenuous years, and is written in apparent ignorance of the spirit, the aims, the technique, and the hard-won but triumphant success of the painters who are vital forces in Great Britain to day. But these younger men are French in essentials, not British, M. de la Sizeranne may say; and he would say wrong. Is there anything more spontaneous, more native than the work of the Glasgow landscapists to be found in Europe? Very likely he has never heard of them. The entry of a few Academic studios, some visits to the Academy, and the perusal of Ruskin, would seem to comprise his artistic opportunities so far as England is concerned. True, among his seven are those whom the great mass of the people have consented to honour. But what would be said of criticism that should judge and rank contemporary literature by sales? And among his types are Mr. Watts, Mr. Holman Hunt, and the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who won repute in the teeth of the same kind of popular opinion as this book reflects. Great and distinguished masters these, honoured by a day that does not take its light from them. Perhaps we have no right to claim Mr. Whistler and Mr. Sargent as ours; but then this critic forces on us, as typically British, Mr. Alma-Tadema, Dutch in every essential, and Mr. Herkomer, ponderously Germanic. The truth is, the book is that worst kind of book—one made to support a theory. The theory of Ruskin's, that popular art should be didactic, is made a test. If an English picture tells a story, or points a moral, or represents an idea, then it is truly English. If it does not, it is alien. We arrive at strange conclusions by this road. Millais, the very John Bull among our painters, is not characteristically English, because "he did not choose subjects specially for their morality." But what will strike some readers as a wilder statement is that

* "English Contemporary Art." Translated from the French of Robert de la Sizeranne, by H. M. Poynter. Illustrated. 12s. (Constable.)

even the painting of Reynolds and Gainsborough was "not English painting." Sheer incapacity in the historian and interpreter of an art can no further go.

REGINA.*

If this indeed be the first English version of "Der Katzensteg," then many readers have had to wait too long before a novel of European reputation was made accessible to them. To Miss Marshall they owe gratitude for introduction to a book of exceptional force through a very creditable translation. We have noted a few inaccuracies, but not important ones, and of some of the most striking passages she has given a fine rendering. Sudermann is at the head of the forward movement in German literature. Probably more than anyone else is he responsible for stopping the flow of sickly sentiment that swamped the German fiction and drama of twenty years ago. He has written, not for *Backfische*, but for men and women. Yet in his daring he has followed no leader in particular, and



From Photo by] HERMANN SUDERMANN. *[Got.heil & Sohn.*

has always been a romantic as much as a realist. This, the best known of all his work, is a grimly tragic story, lit up by a great truth which a much-vexed, hard-driven man wrings out of his own mistakes and out of the life of an outcast woman who died to save him. The German title, "Katzensteg" (Cat's Bridge), refers to a passage by which some French invaders were enabled to make a sortié calamitous to the Prussians. They were shown the passage by the Baron von Schranden, whether out of sordid treachery, or to revenge the fate of Poland, his mother's country, is doubtful. His son, the hero of the book, bears the brunt of the crime. A boycott of a terrible kind is laid on him, and he lives outlawed from man's mercy and service, save for the devotion of a humble creature, Regina, the tool and toy and victim of his father, who has not a rag of character, and who is yet compact of loyalty and love. In his bitter loneliness a star shines on him, the thought of Helène, the pastor's daughter, fair and pure and dainty. For her sake he curbs his natural desires to love and reward the devoted Regina, and thinks himself crowned with virtue therefor. On an evil day he finds this fair, pure star fail him utterly. She is thin-blooded, vain, and not very honest. And on the day when Regina was shot while she waited to warn him of the plot to murder him, he understands the treasure he had rejected because in his own less noble mind he had debased its true worth. The book is alive with the vigour of primitive forces. It tears asunder the mass of subtleties, conventions, contorted sensations which harden and impoverish the surface soil of our civilisation. His hero saw clearly when he had buried Regina's body unaided. "What is generally called good and bad drifted about anchorless on the cloudy surface, but below lay, dreaming in majestic strength, the Natural.

"And those whom Nature favours, he said aloud to himself, she lets take root in her mysterious depths, so that they spring boldly into the light, with vision undimmed and conscience untrammelled by the befogging illusions of morality and worldly wisdom."

Let no reader misunderstand. Nature and Love were no light taskmasters. They demanded all her life and her death from Regina.

* "Regina, or The Sins of the Fathers." By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. 6s. (Lane.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE FOREST LOVERS. A Romance, by Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)

"The Forest Lovers" is a delightful fairy-tale. Of the heroine it is only needful to say she deserves her romantic name of Isoult, though her story has not the tragic course and ending of the famed Isoult of legend, albeit she has hard enough adventures in her time. Her husband and lover—this order of words follows the order of events—Prosper le Gai, is perhaps a trifle too perfect, even for so thoroughgoing a romance; but as his perfection includes intelligence and excellence of aim perilous to villains as well as of exalted virtue, and as it is not at all of the simpering kind, we forgive it—nay, we confess we like him just as Mr. Hewlett has imagined him. The marriage was the chilliest of incidents, undertaken to protect Isoult from grievous wrong, in the days before ladies were of any special interest to Prosper. They became very interesting to him afterwards, especially one, who happened to be accidentally his own wife. She had had an adventurous life since the day she had been obscurely married to him. In cloister, in castle, and through the forest she had waited for and followed him; and if he had turned out to be a scamp, nobody could have forgiven Mr. Hewlett. There are the prettiest pictures of life in the woods, and of wooing under the sky; the story goes to the tune of the ringing catch we find in its pages,

> "Love is lord of the land,
> Master of maid and man;
> Goeth in green with a ruddy face,
> Heartening whom we can."

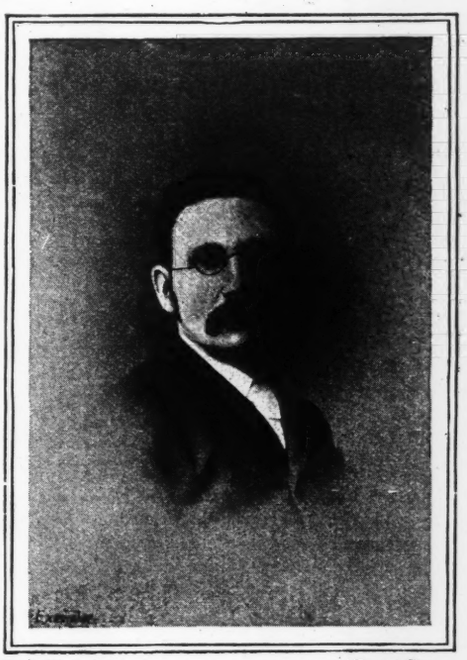
If old-world stories must be told in old-world language, then we would wish all their writers were as clever at framing the elder speech as Mr. Hewlett is. The book is of the same family as Mr. William Morris's prose romances. It has not perhaps so much body as these, but it has a great deal more life.

THE HOPE OF THE FAMILY. By Alphonse Daudet. Adapted by Levin Carnac. 6s. (Pearson.)

Let no one imagine that in reading "The Hope of the Family" he is receiving anything like a faithful reflection of Daudet's "Soutien de Famille." The workmanship of the English version is too commonplace and too careless to suggest the admirable style of the French master even at his second-best. But therein does not lie Mr. Carnac's worst offence. He has made serious omissions, harmful to the artistic integrity of the book, and he has altered the story of the Valfon family in such a way as to defeat Daudet's moral purpose in telling it. In a rough fashion he has enabled an English reader to feel the satire of circumstances that makes the vain, hesitating sensitive Raymond head of the household, which is really supported and controlled by the energetic, capable, and modest younger brother. But much of the subordinate drama is so obscured by clumsy handling, and distorted by unskilful selection and meddling, as to justify a loud protest. If English readers are too squeamish to hear the Valfon story as Daudet, with righteous intentions, conceived it, then such a book as "Soutien de Famille" is not for them. There is, unhappily, no standard of honour in such matters, a fact upon which Mr. Carnac may, for the moment, congratulate himself. But the existence of such a standard would prevent the average translator—this one is no worse—from outraging works of art.

EZEKIEL'S SIN: A Cornish Romance. By J. H. Pearce. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Ezekiel, a Cornish crab-fisher, robbed the body of a dead sailor, not to satisfy his own greed, but mainly to bring brightness into the life of a loved child. His purpose was defeated by the sensitive conscience of his child; only those to whose happiness he was indifferent, benefited. His deed had been watched, too; and he lived henceforth in a terror of shame and anxiety, accused by his own soul, and threatened by a blackmailing pedlar. How the unconfessed sin, ever present to the melancholy Celt, leading a lonely life on the waters and in his quiet hamlet, saps his strength and wrecks his life, is told in a most impressive fashion. It would be an effective story without the diabolic pedlar; it would be more effective without the interposition of the accusing revival preacher at the end. But granting that these incidents give variety to the tale, we feel that Mr. Pearce has spun it out too long. One chapter might have done the work of ten in the story of the slow vengeance. Yet we name this defect reluctantly, for there is excellent and



From Photo by] MR. J. H. PEARCE. *[Ernest Pearce.*

most sympathetic writing in every chapter. Especially have we admired the love-story of Morvenna, that dainty flower of Cornish girls, running side by side with the dark drama working its tragic course through the desolate mind of her doomed father.

PENELOPE'S EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)

Penelope kept her eyes open in Scotland. She spent most of her time in Edinburgh and, for a foreigner, took its measure very accurately. Edinburgh people should enjoy the book. Their foibles are hit off very amiably and in the friendliest of moods, for Penelope was an appreciative tourist and fell under the spell of the city at the first glimpse. Her own and her companions' attempts to "warstle" with the language, not to mention the theology, are delicious reading. The Assemblies come in for a share of attention, and though no names are mentioned we fancy we could point out one or two of Penelope's ecclesiastical worthies any day in Princes Street. Perhaps it would be claiming too much to say that the smartness never fails, but, assuredly, it very rarely does. It is accurate, it is clever, and it is often extremely comical. We have laughed heartily over it and can recommend it as one of the brightest books of the season.

WANDERERS. By Sidney Pickering. 6s. (James Bowden.)

An ancient Mayne unjustly condemned a gipsy to death, whereupon the gipsy's wife laid a curse upon the race of Mayne, prophesying that in every generation there would be one "born to wander, born with the gipsy's heart." Mr. Sidney Pickering relates the history of some of these wanderers, and shows very convincingly how impossible it is for the "gipsy's heart" to be content at home. It is a steady-going, workmanlike book—not one to be read with breathless excitement, but one which, if it be easily laid down at any time, can at any time be resumed with pleasure. Yet there is one part where the interest is commanding. No one having started with Madge in her search for her father will stop reading till she finds him. And her interview with the Rector at setting out is a touch of genius.

BOSTON NEIGHBOURS. By Agnes Blake Poor. 5s. (Putnam's Sons.)

Among these stories there is one which is worth all the rest put together. "A Little Fool" is piquant and delightful. We have not come across anything better of its kind than the description of the dainty and precise little lady timidly perched amid the confusion of the Colonel's library, and secretly half enjoying the disorder, the faint odour of—it must have been *tobacco!* and even the Colonel's forcible language outside the door. And the Colonel in the lady's drawing-room is almost as good. It is a charming little story, much better than any of the others in the volume. Some of them, such as "The Story of a Wallflower," have a little of the colour that American society sketches are expected to have, but others are decidedly below the average.

THE LAST LEMURIAN. By G. Firth Scott. 3s. 6d. (James Bowden.)

It is evidently an uncanny experience to associate with a "Hatter." The immortal Alice found it so, with the March Hare for a third. Dick Halwood found it more so with the Last Lemurian for a third. No words—that is to say, none but Mr. Firth Scott's—can describe the marvels, the mysteries, the horrors, the perils, the blood-curdling, flesh-creeping, hair-bristling experiences that the Yellow Hatter and his friend Dick encountered in the realms of that formidable female, Tor Ymmothe, Queen of the Lemurians. Mr. Firth Scott's imagination runs riot in sensation. He piles Pelion upon Ossa and crushes the panting reader beneath the load. When the physical phenomena have reached their climax in a combined cataclysm and volcano, he rounds things off with a course of apparitions, re-incarnations, and psychology. We do not complain of the shock, nor of the subsequent exhaustion. With time and a nerve tonic we hope ultimately to recover. But we do grudge the waste of material. There is enough here for six rousing romances.

THE FIRE OF LIFE. By C. K. Burrow. 6s. (Duckworth.)

It was by no means a scorching fire, being excellently well regulated by means of all the modern appliances. And the little company who gathered round it were most of them extremely well-bred people with their emotions thoroughly under control. There was an occasional flash, however, which led to complications and provided a story. Its interest is quiet and unobtrusive; and does not exceed the bounds of moderation even during the flood and the flight. There is plenty of fresh air, a good deal of music, and a lively and delightful old lady, so that the book does not lack attractions. The reader who has had a surfeit of melodrama will find in this a very agreeable antidote.

PRISONERS OF THE SEA. By Florence M. Kingsley. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

The Man with the Iron Mask has offered, for some two hundred years, a tempting figure for romancists. Miss Kingsley is one of the latest, and by no means one of the least successful of those who have tried the subject. "Prisoners of the Sea" is an excellent story of its kind. The secret is well kept till the end, and the reader has time to weave a score of theories regarding the deserted chateau, the lonely island, the kidnapping of Baillot, and many other mysteries before the final explanation is offered. Old Winters, the sailor, who never feels very safe on dry land, is a first-rate character. His unconventional and common-sensible ideas about religion are the best thing in the book, and when, under the influence of the Huguenot pastor, he becomes more consciously and systematically religious and swears with nautical fervour at every one who is not, he is racier than ever. The book is on old lines, but on good old lines. It is a well-written romance of adventure.

THE MAN OF THE FAMILY. By F. Emily Phillips. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)

The most striking thing about this book is its uncompromising truthfulness. The writer has looked her subject fairly in the face, has made herself thoroughly master of it, and has set down the result with undeviating fidelity. Her manner, when she desires it, can be charming, distinguished, *spirituel.* She fas-

cinates us in the opening chapters in Paris. And amid the depressing surroundings of a third-rate London suburb, where life is a perpetual sordid struggle to make ends meet, she misses nothing of its dreariness. Barbara, the heroine of the tale, has a setting in both modes of life; and both claim her. Her wealthy, dilettante lover represents the one; her good-hearted but helpless brother, and her besotted genius of a father, with their households, the other. It is her task to choose between them. She is "the man of the family," the only strong character in a group of invertebrates. Yet she is true woman to the end. How she chooses we leave the reader to discover for himself. He will find the book well worth reading. We regret that Hilda is dropped without a word of explanation, and we must confess that the Le Roux household is ordinary, and Gushy not a conviucing character. But, admitting these and other imperfections, we still consider "The Man of the Family' a strong and accurate study of an admirable type of woman, as well as an interesting and well-written story.

From Photo by] MISS F. EMILY PHILLIPS. *[S. J. Poole & Co.*

WITH BOUGHT SWORDS. By Harry Fowler. 3s. 6d. (John Long.)

In the course of some two hundred and fifty lively pages the President of a South American Republic is got rid of and an English general elected to reign in his stead. There are political causes and personal causes for the revolution, but the centre and origin of all causes is to be found in the general's lovely daughter. The brisk action, of which the story is full, gathers round her innocent and charming personality. Mr. Fowler is never dull; his story never stands still. There is nothing very deep or very powerful about it, but it keeps us turning the pages till the end. As far as the "bought swords" are concerned it is made to appear as if almost all South American swords were "bought." Officers and men, great and small, display a remarkable agility in changing sides.

PHILIPPI THE GUARDSMAN. By T. R. Threlfall. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

This is scarcely a novel: it is really an account of Napoleon's memorable march on Moscow and his still more memorable retreat. Philippi is supposed to have been a soldier in the Italian Guard and one of the few survivors of the terrible Russian expedition. He encounters many perils and is repeatedly saved at the moment of supreme danger by the apparition of his lady-love, whose body lies in a state of coma at Magdeburg, but whose soul apparently "goes marching on" with the regiment. That, however, is by the way. The real interest is in the narrative. The writer has a strong descriptive faculty, and his account of the unspeakable horrors of the march, the cruel sufferings of the soldiers from cold, from hunger, even from torture, (when the enemy laid hands on them,) might make the most hardened reader shudder. He spares us nothing. Many of his chapters are frightful in their ghastly detail. And again there are tales of heroism and of devotion which are truly pathetic. The circumstances of the march are familiar to everybody. It was a fiasco, and a cruel and costly one. This book only serves to impress the tragedy more deeply upon our imaginations.

THE BISHOP'S DILEMMA. By Ella D'Arcy. 3s. 6d. (John Lane.)

The title notwithstanding, the bishop has very little to do with the story and his dilemma was only momentary. He simply sets the scene in the first chapter and appears to round off the conclusion. The central figure, and the one who provides such vivacity as there is in the book, is Lady Welford who "runs" the Roman Catholic Chapel and priest and all that appertains to them entirely after her own ideas. She is unamiable but lively, which the other characters are not. They are simply invertebrates. The priest weakly falls in love with his patroness's somewhat doleful companion, and when the old lady promptly and very properly removes her, he weakly takes to drink. Finally, he collapses totally and we are left to foresee that he will die by-and-bye if he can screw himself up to the point of doing anything so absolute. Miss D'Arcy has an admirable knack of bringing her readers into the mental atmosphere of her characters. Therefore, she should avoid writing about depressing or irritating people. She makes them too real.

THE MACMAHON, or The Story of the Seven Johns. By Owen Blayney. 6s. (A. Constable.)

A local tradition, how seven men bearing the Christian name of John, chased a band of rapperees and did summary vengeance on them for their wicked deeds, supplies the material for the closing scenes of this book. The earlier part, concerned with the history of the parents of the most culpable offender, gives no hint of the final tragedy. This earlier portion is full of adventurous episodes, in the history of a Catholic gentleman after the Battle of the Boyne and of his friends. But romance is a manner of telling or of seeing; and Mr. Blayney does his best to make the story of The Macmahon very plain prose. He does something worth doing, however; gives us the portrait of rough John McKinlay, a man of character and intellect and excellent heart, who laughed at authorities, ecclesiastical and secular, and defied them fearlessly when they barred the way of justice. This type of hostility to all sectarian bigotry must have been a strange alien in seventeenth-century Ireland, and he would certainly have been torn in twain by the sects had his fist been less formidable. But the history of John McKinlay, as we have said, gives no hint of the horrible and startling tragedy of the end. The fact is the tragic end is legend, and the plain but capable prose of the rest of the story depends largely on Mr. Blayney. Legend and invention have not collaborated very cleverly; but the book is readable.

THE MISCHIEF-MAKER. By Leslie Keith. 2 vols. (Bentley.)

There is always clever characterisation in Mrs. Keith's stories. She draws from life, and we are bound to say her success in portraiture is greater as she is less flattering. More than once it has occurred to us that collaboration would answer very well in her case. Her plots are not distinguished, hardly ever above the average. If better ones were supplied, her special talents would be more appreciated and supported. At present they are often wasted on a very ordinary story. In her latest book we have two or three foiled romances that interest us slightly, and, at least, one character excellently conceived and carried out. Mrs. Laidlaw, the Mischief-Maker, is the Scottish type of ill-natured gossip—a woman of some brains and capabilities, of a bitter tongue, feeling real delight in upsetting plans with ingenuity, and of humbling people's pride. Unmistakably she comes from over the Border. The accent of her mischief-

making betrays her. It is more acrid than that bred in the south, and likewise there is more intellectual enjoyment in it. Mrs. Laidlaw is something of a self-conscious artist in spite.

THE LOOMS OF TIME. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 6s. (Isbister.)

Mrs. Hugh Fraser's long residence in Santiago gives her very special authority in writing about that side of the world. She has made good use of her opportunities of observing South American life, both in its social and its adventurous aspects. In the Prologue to "The Looms of Time" she plunges us at once into the midst of the wild life of gold-seekers among the Cordilleras, But having disposed of a whole party of men in a dozen pages or so, by poison, by battle, by suicide to escape torture—a fair record, surely!—she transfers us to less sanguinary scenes, and allows us to idle pleasantly through several chapters with a pair of charming lovers on board the SS. *Corotaxi*. The blood-red lake, the gold-veined cave, and the long-sought treasure appear again later on, for the Prologue is not without its purpose, and has a bearing on the development of the story. The plot is sufficient to keep us interested to the

From Photo by *Diazy Spencer, Santiago.*

MRS. HUGH FRASER.

end, and the description of the household at the hacienda bears in every line the evident impression of its truthfulness. The types of character, perhaps, have nothing specially original about them, but the story is one of incident, not of mental analysis, and as such is a distinct success.

MISS ERIN. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). 6s. (Methuen.)

The first portion of this Irish story has our fullest sympathy. The childhood of Erin, daughter of an exile of '48, is charmingly described. Her poetic ambitions, all for Ireland, her dreams of the time when she will be the Jeanne d'Arc of her country, are recorded with a true understanding of the nature of an imaginative child. Then her friends, too, Father Lalor and the good Nolans, are admirable. But, alas! with the death of the one and the emigration of the others, most of the interest of the book dies. When Erin becomes a young lady the story grows commonplace. Even her attempt to encourage the rebellious tenants sounds just a little flat, and the last chapters are so muffled in their sympathy, or should we say their partisanship, as to be savourless and dull. Mrs. Blundell becomes amiable and impartial at the expense of vividness.

MUTINEERS. By Arthur F. J. Legge. 6s. (Lane.)

"Mutineers" belongs to a class of books most difficult for a reviewer to do justice to. He cannot be enthusiastic, for he could have put the story aside at any page without regret, and yet he must admire much of the workmanship. The intelligence, the conscientiousness, the knowledge of life and human nature displayed, are exceptional. There is not a spark of vivacity; but to demand vivacity is to demand a touch of genius, and to crave that in every novel of this fiction-greedy age is absurd. Mr. Legge writes of life as many of us know it to-day. He is familiar with more than one circle of society, and recognises the state of fusion to which we are tending, when pity for the poor breeds among luxury, and socialistic literature is the favourite reading of elegant persons. "Mutineers" is too violent a title. Most of the rebels hover timidly between two camps, and are probably the more comprehensible to the average reader. There are careful pictures of life in different grades; there are studies of character forcible in themselves, though the personages do not group well in the story. Indeed the story is not very satisfactory. It is a succession of incidents rather than a whole. Perhaps the writer shows himself to best advantage in a few beautiful descriptive passages. Let no reader skip that really admirable picture of an August landscape, wild downs by the sea, to be found on p. 142. We wish we had room to quote it.

THE ACTOR-MANAGER. By Leonard Merrick. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

The English stage-world of to-day has never been treated in more detail than in Mr. Merrick's able story. The minor actors are presented to you as well as the "stars." You see the dramatist struggling for a hearing, and then watch his triumphant success. The temptations of a manager with ideals above the demands of the public; the temptations of an actor-dramatist with ideals above the sordid ambitions of his wife, are suggested in a way to draw forth much sympathetic interest from the reader. Perhaps the stage-world is no more romantic than other Milieus, but, described in this realistic and up-to-date manner, it has the advantage of novelty for most of us. Those to whom all the theatrical circumstance is commonplace, will still find a charm in "The Actor-Manager." This charm proceeds from Mr. Merrick's loyal and simple-minded attitude to men and things.

THE MASTER KEY. By Florence Warden. 6s. (Pearson.)

There is thorough satisfaction to be got out of this story. The villains are cut off in the midst of their sinful and vain triumph; the dispossessed come to their own; the weak are reformed in the most exemplary manner, and two highly suitable marriages bring the story to a close. Miss Warden does not merely know what human nature craves in fiction, she has also a sense of the proprieties which we wish were commoner now. When the wicked Captain, who had kept his little nephew out of lands and titles for years, finds his villainy exposed, he promptly dies of apoplexy; and the writer very properly remarks that this was a great relief to the family; "for it would have been difficult to avoid a prosecution after the facts which had come to light, and the newspapers would have been full of a most startling and disagreeable scandal."

THE EDGE OF HONESTY. By Charles Gleig. 6s. (Lane.)

We are asked in this story to follow the married career of two persons, whom we know from the first to be entirely unsuited to each other, and who, singly, are very uninteresting. The woman is worthy enough, a timid, gentle, faithful, obtuse creature. The man is a cad. He has every vulgar vice; he is a glutton; he is a cheat; he is a bully; he is a brainless fool. By the art of a master these two might have been made to rouse our pity or indignation. Mr. Gleig tells their tale in a dry, monotonous, spiritless fashion, and we have no other feeling but that we are in bad and very dull company. He is of that section of the realistic school that disdains strong effects and literary effort; but he has not brought us nearer nature by his methods. The account of the court martial is drearier than any newspaper report. The repeated statements of the Leytons' accounts one has to skip at last. Mr. Gleig writes far more accurately than most novelists. He has a great deal of sense and an upright mind. But we are not convinced that fiction is the proper sphere for his undoubted talents; and we feel remorseful to have yawned over "The Edge of Honesty" oftener than over much feebler books.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE SHADOW OF LOVE; AND OTHER POEMS. By Margaret Armour. 5s. (Duckworth and Co.)

Miss Armour is not ambitious. She keeps within her ability, and therefore succeeds. We have got genuine pleasure from these simple and sometimes exquisite little verses. Miss Armour writes with a dainty grace. Her touch is light, her pathos sweet, her manner simple and sincere. She is not always at her best. Her charm is of the elusive quality that comes and goes with a breath. Nor has she any variety of subject. Love and the Shadow of Love inspire nearly all her verses. But if she has but one note it is a sweet one. Quotations lose on being torn from their setting. We leave readers to find their favourites for themselves.

WITH PEARY NEAR THE POLE. By Eivind Astrup. 10s. 6d. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

There is a good deal here which will be new to most people. It is not an official account of the Peary Expedition, and probably for that reason the writer has felt himself free to chat about the curious things he came across without troubling about the absolute importance of every detail. Therefore the book gossips along in an easy, readable, and good-tempered fashion which is remarkably entertaining. The "Innuits" of Smith's Sound are the cream of the collection. They are evidently as dirty, as kind-hearted, and as extraordinary as they could well be. It takes a good deal to astonish a reader of books of travel nowadays, but we admit having been genuinely astonished more than once at the manners and customs of Smith's Sound. Mr. Astrup's English is excellent, clear, simple, and direct. He has no need to apologise for it. In every way we have found the book remarkably good reading.

DAVID HUME. By Henry Calderwood. (Famous Scots Series.) 1s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

A special and pathetic interest attaches to this posthumous work of the late Professor Calderwood. It formed one of his last tasks, and was barely completed at the time of his sudden illness and death last November. The fact that only a rough shorthand draft of the preface had been drawn up shows how steadily, notwithstanding failing health and the advice of friends and physicians, Dr. Calderwood kept himself in harness till the very last. Mr. William Calderwood, in a note, disclaims absolute certainty as to the wording of the preface. Its spirit is clearly that of the author. In it, as in the work itself, the impartial, philosophic attitude of mind characteristic of the Professor is apparent. Undoubtedly it is with Hume as a philosopher (not to say at once, with Hume's philosophy) that he deals most sympathetically. The biographical chapters are written with care and accuracy, but one can almost feel the thrill of interest and enthusiasm with which the writer must have turned to the great *Treatise of Human Nature* and the discussion of "Knowledge—its conditions and limits." Here we have the Professor at his best, admirably lucid, rigorously logical, keenly analytical, judicially fair. The close condensation of his style, which in some of his works puts a severe strain upon the attention, and in any case demands careful reading, is in this book less marked. He probably made an effort to meet the taste of the general reader. As it is, however, many will find the fourth chapter over technical. Only those interested in the subject will appreciate fully the masterly fashion in which the writer dissects Hume's principles, analyses his opinions and "discoveries" regarding Causation, and lays bare the main features of his intellectual philosophy. The chapter on "Hume as Historian" will be found more generally intelligible, and has a double interest, first for the sake of Hume and then for the sake of history. But nothing is more striking than the author's attitude towards Hume's religion. Professor Calderwood, himself an orthodox Scottish Presbyterian, says in so many words, "His (Hume's) scepticism belonged to the region of philosophy, not to the sphere of religion," and suggests that readers "may even be able to find in Hume a witness for Christianity, whose testimony is in some respects the more valuable since beset with so many and such grave doubts." It is well to rid a man of a false designation like "The Atheist." None could do it with more authority than Professor Calderwood, few with more ability. This last little book is worthy of his reputation. It is a masterly appreciation of one Scottish philosopher by another, and though possibly not among the most popular, must certainly be among the most valuable and most lasting of this series of monographs on Famous Scots.

THE MUSIC DRAMAS OF RICHARD WAGNER. By Albert Lavignac. 10s. 6d. (Service and Paton.)

Wagner is not a composer to be heard without preparation; nor indeed is there any lack of books to help in the preparation. But among the many volumes great and small which have recently appeared, we are inclined to think that none will be found more genuinely serviceable than this. Professor Lavignac's knowledge of his subject is beyond dispute, and so is his enthusiasm, though he does not annoy us with it. He perceives that only those who care about Wagner will read the book, and, therefore, abstains from pouring forth floods of panegyric. He does not write for the indifferent and unmusical, nor for the trained musician, but for the interested neophyte who wishes to understand both the man and the music. Above all, he writes for the Bayreuth pilgrim. His book is a useful practical guide to the Bayreuth Festival, as well as a lucid and complete history and analysis—literary and musical—of the music dramas. It is the most satisfactory book of the kind we have read, and almost the only one which never becomes irritating. The translation is excellently done and should be the means of introducing the work to as appreciative a public in this country as it has already found across the Channel.

THE GOLFING PILGRIM. By Horace G. Hutchinson. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)

Mr. Hutchinson has been all over the world—the golfers' world. And, apparently, all that is worth knowing about golf Mr. Hutchinson knows, and what is worth telling he tells. His humour has the peculiar golf-flavour, not easy to describe but readily recognised and heartily enjoyed by those who know it. His anecdotes, reflections, and advice are all given in the easy, happy temper which is second nature to a man who has had to keep cool even in a sand bunker. He is a true devotee. St. Andrews is his Mecca, the shrine of his adoration, in spite of the disadvantages of an improved train service and those stumblingblocks in a golfer's path, the Forth and Tay Bridges. What a course to play over in the old ferry boat days! What a privilege even now to put down your name and wait! Even the waiting is lively, for, as Mr. Hutchinson convinces us, golfers' talk is rarely dull.

IRELAND, 1798-1898. By William O'Connor Morris. 10s. 6d. (Innes.)

In many respects Judge O'Connor Morris is particularly well-suited to be a historian of his country. He is a careful student, and a cool-headed man. He has had exceptional, though limited, opportunities of knowing Ireland and Irish feeling; he has heard O'Connell; talked with Maria Edgeworth and with survivors of the Rebellion of 1798; kinsfolk of his voted against the Union. But Parnell he never saw, and he had no knowledge of his chief followers. He claims proudly to belong to the political faith of Henry Grattan. Of course he has written a partisan history. It would be impossible, save in a bare synopsis, to do otherwise; and, rightly or wrongly, he has interpreted the faith of Grattan to be something opposed to nearly all modern Irish legislation and sentiment. But he never judges legislation or opinion in the lump. He scans each instance conscientiously and never distorts facts; and all readers independent enough to make their own inferences will find his comprehensive and dignified narrative of distinct service to them. As a guide to the literature of the subject he is strictly impartial.

SOME LATER VERSES. By Bret Harte. 5s. (Chatto.)

Bret Harte retains the vigour of his qualities better than anyone who has been our entertainer for so long. If he repeats himself—well, does one complain that the smile of an old friend is as it was twenty years ago? He loves the things he loved when we first heard from him; and that is the secret of his freshness. His verse is a pleasant variation on his prose tales. The humour of "Truthful James" is not yet exhausted; and there are camp stories here that gain in neatness by their narration in verse, "Artemis in Sierra," for instance, which shows the way of a maid, a maid of a free land, with two rival and self-important lovers. Some pieces are quite trivial, obvious padding; but one, "Crotalus," is poetry. Bret Harte is ever on the side of the outcasts, and so it has been left to him to give its due to the rattlesnake.

> "humble—bold—
> Haughty—with miseries untold,
> And the old curse that left thee cold,
> And drove thee ever to the sun."

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ALLAN, Rev. W. A.—Is Jesu's Cross the Way to Peace? 6d. Passmore & Alabaster
[*An account of a vision of the writer's in which the "Mitred Head" is conquered and put to rout in "Albion's Land."*]

GLADDEN, Dr. W.—The Christian Pastor and the Working Church, 10/6.....Clark

GORE, Canon.—Prayer and the Lord's Prayer, 1/6.....Gardner, Darton
[*A series of admirable papers reprinted from "Commonwealth," on the efficacy of Prayer, and on the various petitions of the Lord's Prayer.*]

KINLOCH, M. G. J.—Studies in Scottish Ecclesiastical History, 6/- Simpkin

MACPHERSON, Rev. J.—Christian Dogmatics, 9/-.....T. & T. Clark

MILLIGAN, Prof. W., and MOULTON, Rev. Dr. W.—Commentary on the Gospel of St. John, 9/-.....T. & T. Clark

Modern Reader's Bible. Vols. I. and II. Psalms and Lamentations, edited by Prof. Richard G. Moulton, 2/6.....Macmillan
[*A series of works from the sacred Scriptures presented in modern literary form.*]

MYLNE, R. S.—The Abiding Strength of the Church, 3/6.....Stock
[*Four sermons on the "Unity of the Church under Divine Control," preached in Bangor Cathedral at the Dean's request. Dr. James, Headmaster of Rugby, writes a preface.*]

PEARSON, S.—Why Worship? 2/6.....Kegan Paul
[*Eight excellent "arguments"—each embodied in a practical, tersely-written chapter—in favour of Church attendance.*]

ROBERTSON, F. W.—Sermons, 1/6.....Kegan Paul
[*Sermons preached at Brighton—the first series in a new "People's Edition." "Ian Maclaren" writes an introduction. The volume is neatly got up, and handy in size.*]

WACE, Dr. H.—The Sacrifice of Christ, 1/-.....Seeley
[*Sermons written for Lincoln's Inn Chapel, and intended to remove some of the difficulties by which the subject has been surrounded.*]

WELLDON, Rev. J. E. C.—The Hope of Immortality, 6/-.....Seeley

WHYTE, Dr. A.—Bible Characters: Gideon to Absalom, 3/6 Oliphant

NEW EDITION.

ABBOTT, Rev. Dr. L.—The Soul's Quest, 1/- and 1/6.....Bowden

BROWN, A. R.—What is Worth While? 1/6.....Bowden
[*Two daintily got up blue and white books. The religious teaching of both is practical, earnest, and helpful.*]

FICTION.

AGNUS, O.—Countess Petrovski, 1/-.....Ward, Loc:
[*A political sensation story, dealing with recent foreign questions.*]

ASHBY-STERRY, J.—A Naughty Girl, 1/-.....Bliss, Sands
[*A story of modern London life in theatrical circles.*]

ATLEE, H. F.—The Seasons of a Life, 6/-.....White

BADEAU, A.—Conspiracy, a Cuban Romance, 2/- and 3/6 .....Warne

BALZAC, H. de.—The Thirteen, trans. by E. Marriage, 3/6 .....Dent

BELL, Mrs. H.—Miss Tod and the Prophets, 2/6.....Bentley
[*Miss Tod, believing that the world was coming to an end in a year or so, resolved to save no more but enjoy a year of plenty. The story tells how she set about it, and what happened when the year was up. It is a rather pathetic little tale.*]

BERWICK, J.—A Philosopher's Romance, 6/-.....Macmillan
[*A person of multifarious trades and murderous plans sees his friend's elopement and his enemy's murder safely through, and lives happy ever after. With judicious skipping the story is excellent.*]

BIDDLE, A. J. D.—Word for Word and Letter for Letter, 3/6 Gay & Bird
[*A story of murder and robbery in Madeira. A good deal of the action takes place in Philadelphia. The story is a very readable mixture of society, sentiment, and sensation.*]

BRETON, F.—True Heart, 6/-.....Richards

BUCHAN, J.—John Burnet of Barns, 6/-.....Lane

BURCHELL, S. H.—In the Days of King James, 6/-.....Gay
[*Three stories of seventeenth century life in London. The speech and manners of the time are well reproduced, and the tales are interesting.*]

BURNEY, F.—Evelina, 2/6.....Newnes

CAMBRIDGE, ADA.—Materfamilias, 3/6.....Ward, Lock
["*Materfamilias*" *writes her own story. She seems to have been an extremely silly—we hope an exceptionally silly—and rather vulgar woman. But the book is readable notwithstanding.*]

CAMERON, Mrs. L.—A Difficult Matter, 6/-.....John Long
[*Quiet "domestic" fiction, which would be even more satisfactory if the characters always told the truth, and if the sun were not left shining indiscriminately on the evil (unrepentant) and the good in the last chapter.*]

CAPES, B.—Adventures of the Comte de la Muette, 6/-....Blackwood

CONSTABLE, F. C.—Aunt Judith's Island, 6/-.....Richards

DALE, Mrs. A. M.—The Peril of a Lie, 6/-.....Routledge

DAUDET, A.—The Hope of the Family, adapted by L. Carnac, 6/- Pearson
[*See p.* 108.]

DOUGLAS, THEO.—Behind a Mask, 6/-.....Harper

DUDENEY, Mrs. H. E.—Hagar of Homerton, 6/-.....Pearson

EDMONDS, Mrs. E. M.—Jabez Nutyard, 6/-.....Jarrold

FINNY, V. G.—The Revolt of the Young MacCormacks, 2/6 Macmillan
[*A bright story of four lively Irish children. The account of their various pranks makes very entertaining reading.*]

GERARD, E.—The Tragedy of a Nose, 3/6.....Digby
[*Quite the silliest story we have ever seen. The other in the volume "A Brief Delirium," telling how a youth was tempted to waste his money at roulette, is better.*]

GLEIG, C.—The Edge of Honesty, 6/-.....Lane
[*See p.* 111.]

GREEN, A. K.—Lost Man's Lane, 6/- .....Putnam's Sons
[*A skilfully constructed detective story. "Miss Amelia Butterworth" is already known to the public. She has not lost her faculty either for failing to solve mysteries or for succeeding in writing about them.*]

HAGGARD, Col. A.—Hannibal's Daughter, 6/-.... .....Hutchinson

HALCOMBE, C. J. H.—The Love of a Former Life, 6/-.....Long
[*An Italian story of love at first sight, "renewing the relations of a previous existence." A shipwreck and other adventures give life and action to the tale.*]

HAYCRAFT, M. S.—Miss Elizabeth's Niece, 2/-.....Partridge

HERRICK, R.—The Gospel of Freedom, 6/-.....Macmillan

HEWLETT, M.—The Forest Lovers, 6/-.....Macmillan
[*See p.* 108.]

HICKSON, Mrs. M.—Shadows of Life, 3/6.....Lane

HOBHOUSE, B.—An Unknown Quality, 6/-.....Downey

HOBLER, Mrs. E.—The Green Toby Jug and the Princess who lived Opposite, 2/6.....Nelson

HOWELLS, W. D.—The Story of a Play, 6/- .....Harper

HUMPHREY, F. P.—Phœbe Tilson, 3/6.....Ward, Lock
[*Tells how an unattractive but well-to-do woman just missed marrying a scamp and afterwards devoted her life to bringing up her rival's daughter. It is a pathetic story.*]

JACKSON, J.—Marjory Maxwell, 5/- .....Small
[*A simple, somewhat commonplace, but entirely readable love story. The scene is laid chiefly in Edinburgh, and the characters, notably a retired major and a divinity student, are very fair types of their class and country.*]

LAFARGUE, P.—Stephen Brent, 2 vols., 12/- .....Constable

LEGGE, A. E. J.—Mutineers, 6/- .....Lane
[*See p.* 111.]

LINDSAY, H.—The Jacobite, 6/-.....Chatto

LYELL, W. D.—In the Eye of the Law .....Hodge
[*The scene is laid in Edinburgh legal circles, and the plot has a good deal to do with the Married Women's Property Act. It is a good story, and not too technical to be intelligible.*]

LYS, C.—The Hepsworth Millions, 6/-.....Warne
[*Diamonds again, secret chambers, and thieves! But the story is a fair one of its kind. Those who like the kind should not miss it.*]

MACFALL, H.—The Woolings of Jezebel Pettyfer, 6/-.....Richards

MACHRAY, R.—Grace O'Malley, 6/- .....Cassell

MACLAIR, J.—The Luck of Parco. A Romance of the Peruvian Andes, 6/- .....Harper

MACMANUS, J.—The Bend of the Road, 3/6.....Downey

MARSH, R.—Tom Ossington's Ghost, 3/6 .....Bowden
[*A story of a long-lost fortune discovered in a cottage on Wandsworth Common. The mystery lasts out very well and will keep most readers interested to the end.*]

MAUGHAM, W. S.—The Making of a Saint, 6/- .....Unwin

MCCHESNEY, D. G.—Beatrix Infelix, 3/6 .....Lane
[*An effective study of an exceptional but very real character. The reader's appreciation will depend upon his interest in Rome and its art treasures.*]

MEADE, L. T.—On the Brink of a Chasm, 6/- .....Chatto
[*A story of a lost heir who is supposed to have been murdered but has really only been stolen. It is told in the agreeable and interesting style of this popular writer.*]

MERRICK, L.—The Actor-Manager, 6/- .....Richards
[*See p.* 111.]

MOORE, G.—Evelyn Innes, 6/- .....Unwin
[*See p.* 103.]

MORAN, J. J.—Irish Stew, 1/-.....Roxburghe Press
[*A collection of Irish stories of the farcical type. The brogue is good, and some of the incidents are amusing.*]

OMAN, J. C.—Where Three Creeds Meet, 3/6.....Richards
[*The "three creeds" are Muslim, Hindu, and Christian. They meet in Upper India. In a lively and interesting narrative we see how they interact upon one another. Two more stories by the same author are promised, dealing with social and political aspects of Indian life.*]

OPPENHEIM, E. P.—As a Man Lives, 3/6 .....Ward, Lock

PATON, J.—Castlebraes, 6/-.....Blackwood

PEARCE, J. H.—Ezekiel's Sin, 6/-.....Heinemann
[*See p.* 109.]

PHER, H.—Duty and Destiny, 1/-....Baptist Tract and Book Society
[*A simple religious story of a young man, a member of the Church of England, who came under Baptist influence in Melbourne and ultimately joined that body.*]

PINKERTON, J.—Sun Beetles, 3/6 .....Lane

PLATT, W.—Men; Women and Chance, 2/- .....Unwin
[*Two stories—very modern—dealing sarcastically and cleverly with swindling speculations and other matters.*]

RHOSCOMYL, O.—The Shrouded Face, 6/- .....Pearson
[*A well written and exciting romance of Wales in Tudor times. There are mysteries, battles, and horrors galore.*]

"RITA."—Adrienne: A Romance of French Life, 6/- ....Hutchinson

RIVES, A.—Meriel, 3/6 .....Chatto
[*A love story, pure and simple. The two lovers, their conversations with one another, and their thoughts about one another, make up the whole book. They were an interesting pair, and their story is well told.*]

RUSSELL, T. B.—A Guardian of the Poor, 3/6 .....Lane

SAVAGE, R. H.—In the Swim, 2/- and 2/6 .....Routledge

SCOTT, L.—The Renunciation of Helen, 6/- .....Hutchinson

SLADEN, D.—The Admiral, 6/- .....Hutchinson
[*See p.* 105.]

SPETTIGUE, H. H.—The Heritage of Eve, 6/-.....Chatto
[*A distinctly clever book. It is a study of the career of a brilliant lady novelist who in the end sacrifices wealth and fame to marry the returned prodigal. There are interesting pictures of literary life, and a great deal of literary talk.*]

SPRINGFIELD, L.—A Galaxy Girl, and Other Stories, 6/-.....Thacker
[*Introduce us to very bad company, and deal with murders and mysteries, neither edifying nor artistic.*]

STONE, H. E.—Twisted Threads, 1/6..Baptist Tract and Book Society
[*A story of Suffolk village life, dealing with the difficulties of the Land Question, and especially with the experiences of the village pastor.*]

STUART, E.—By Reeds and Rushes, 1/-.....Oliphant
[*A pleasant little story; just the thing for a Sunday-school prize book.*]

SURTEESE, A.—One of Nature's Gentlemen, 6/- .....Digby
[*A story of a very familiar type. The inevitable cruel uncle separates the two lovers, who pursue their respective ways through a course of misunderstandings and mistakes till things come right again at the end. The hero is an exceptionally unheroic character.*]

SUTCLIFFE, H.—An Episode in Arcady, 2/6 .....Pearson

TEELING, B.—My First Prisoner. By the Governor, 3/6 Roxburghe Press
[*A stirring story of Irish prison life and Italian politics in the time of Garibaldi. The author was governor of an Irish prison, and served in the Pontifical Zouaves.*]

WALFORD, L. B.—Leddy Marget, 6/- .....Longmans
WALLING, R. A. J.—Flaunting Moll, and Other Stories, 3/6..Harper
WARD, Mrs H.—Helbeck of Bannisdale, 6/-.....Smith, Elder
[*See p.* 102.]
WARDEN, F.—The Master Key, 6/- ....Pearson
[*See p.* 111.]
WATSON, H. B. M.—The Heart of Miranda, 6/- .....Lane
WILKINS, M. E.—Silence, and Other Stories, 6/- .....Harper
WISHAW, F.—Bates and His Bicycle, 1/- and 1/6 .....Bowden
[*There is a good deal of fun in Mr. Wishaw's unpretentious little book, and cyclists will certainly enjoy reading it.*]
WOOD, J. H.—The Chronicles of Mr. Pottersby, 1/- and 1/6 ..Bowden
[*A fairly smart book with a distinctly smart preface. The writer evidently finds the world a stupid place, and things in general rather absurd.*]

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